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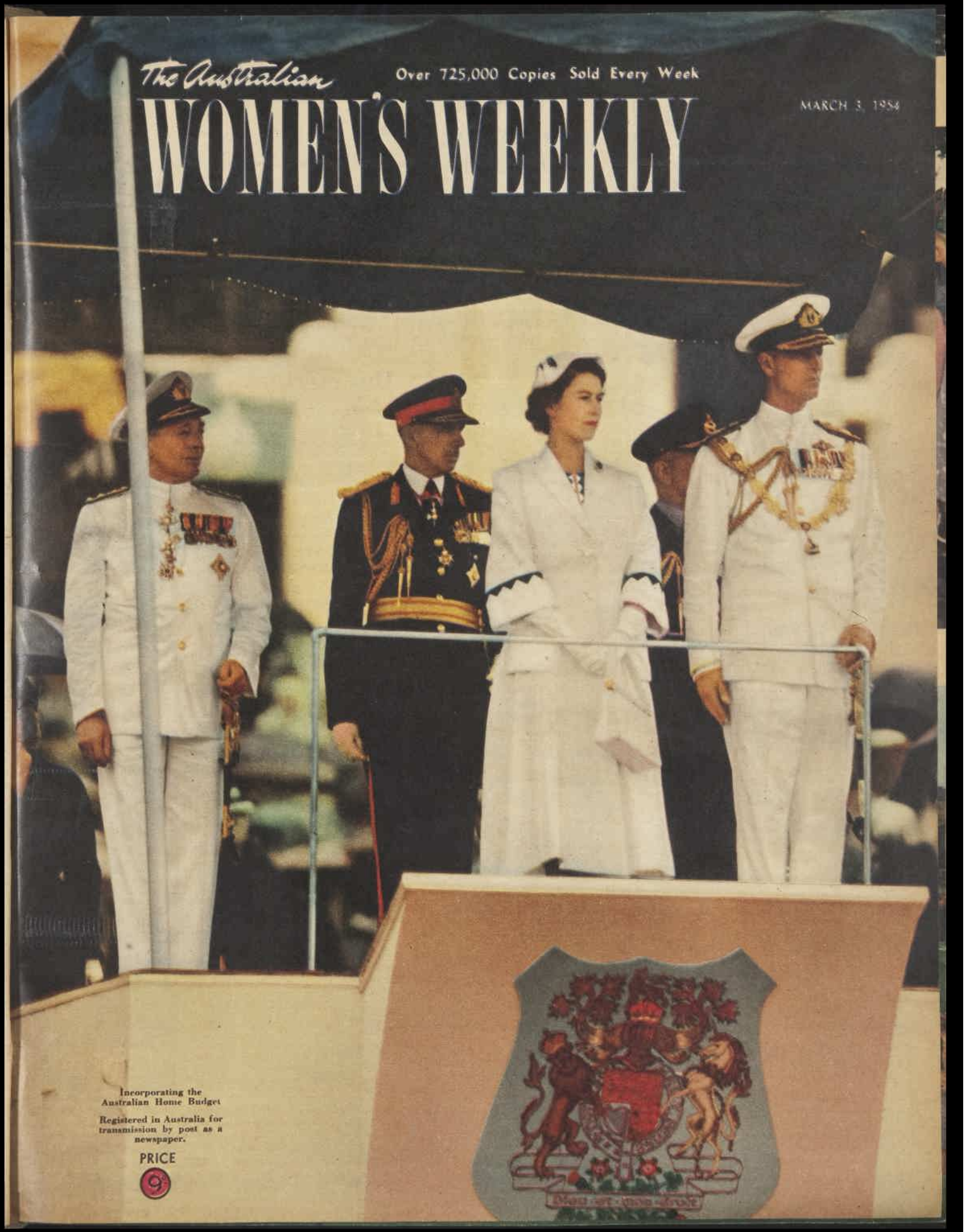
WOMEN'S WEEKLY

MARCH 3, 1954



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY
MARCH 3, 1954 — Vol. 21, No. 40

WAR-FORGED FRIENDSHIP

DURING her visit to Canberra, the Queen, in a simple ceremony, unveiled the Australian Memorial to the United States of America.

The memory of thousands of American troops who fought alongside Australians in the last war is honored by the 258-ft. shaft which now dominates the Canberra landscape.

The fact that it was unveiled by the Queen, Australia's "First Lady," will be appreciated by Americans, who have a soft spot in their hearts for the young Sovereign.

Friendship between nations cannot be too highly prized in these troubled days, and Australia and America have a solid basis of friendship on which to build.

No one expects nations to agree on every issue any more than individuals can.

But between friends there is always a certain tolerance which takes the sting out of disagreement.

There need be no fear of the future when two countries, the one mighty and triumphant, the other stepping forward confidently to greatness, can look back on years of comradeship in war and peace with a feeling of mutual respect.

In the presence of their Queen, Australians are more than usually conscious of the links they have with the rest of the peoples of the British Commonwealth.

It is fitting, then, at this time, that a concrete gesture of amity and thanks should have been made to the United States, the Commonwealth's faithful partner in the struggle for a free and better world.

Our cover:

● After Her Majesty opened the Commonwealth Parliament at Canberra, she retired to the suite of the President of the Senate and changed from her Coronation gown to a white faille coat-dress with black pipings on the pockets and sleeves and a white hat buttoned in black. She then walked from Parliament House, with an umbrella sheltering her from heavy rain, to a covered stand, where she took the salute as members of the Navy, Army, and Air Force marched past. With her on the stand are the Duke of Edinburgh and the Chiefs of the Services, Vice-Admiral Sir John Collins, Lieutenant-General Sir Sydney Rowell, and Air-Marshal J. P. J. McCauley.

On page 7 are some monotone pictures taken on the same occasion as the cover shot. They record what happened to an uninvited guest who went along to see the review of troops.

This week:

● Color pictures opposite and on pages 8 and 9 show stages in the Queen's triumphal tour of country districts of New South Wales and Canberra. Farther over in the paper you will find our autumn fashion section followed by fiction. Included in the Homemaker section at the back of the paper is news of our Family Home Contest, including a plan which wins a progress prize.

● On page 11 are color pictures of "Tales of Hoffmann," the opera chosen for the Royal Command performance in Melbourne. Later the opera will be presented in other capital cities.

Next week:

● When we held our Readers' Opinion Poll last year many people asked us to give space to printing letters from readers. We have decided to include letters to the editor as a regular feature and you will find it on page 2 next week. So, if you have some views you want to air, write us a letter. Each week we will print a selection of those received.

● Two pages of color next week will give you further ideas about your choice of clothes for autumn day wear.

Here's your song:

Royal tour hits played by Gus Merzi

STAR musician of The Australian Women's Weekly's new radio session, "Here's Your Song," Gus Merzi, has just returned to Sydney from Canberra, where he played some of the Queen's favorite music on three Royal occasions.

"Here's Your Song" is fifteen minutes of singing and music which aims to provide a song for everyone in the family. The session started this week.

Sydney listening time is 7.15 p.m. from Station 2GB.

Gus was chosen to play rhumbas, sambas, and tangos. He has specialised in Latin-American music ever since he played his first concertina at the age of five.

He played at the Elizabethan Ball at the Hotel Canberra, first as a soloist with Jim Gussey's big dance band, and then leading his own small combination.

Gus also appeared in the gala outdoor variety show while the State Banquet was in progress, as a soloist with a hand-picked company of artists from all over Australia.

At the State Ball he again played with the big band and led his own combination.

Vibraphonist and drummer Al Vinca and guitarist Don Andrews, both of whom are heard in "Here's Your Song," also played with Gus in Canberra.

With vocalists Lily Connors and Neil Williams, Gus and the boys hope to present in future sessions of "Here's Your Song" some numbers that they played for Her Majesty.

In the second programme is an Australian composition, "My Kind of Country," by Ken Taylor and Ernie Davidson, introduced by lines from a Banjo Paterson poem. Neil Williams will sing the number, which is a new one.

Neil's other numbers in the show are "I Confess" and "No Other Girl For Me."

With Lily Connors, he will do the duet arrangement of the old favorite "Somebody Loves Me," and Lily has two solos, "When You're Smiling" and "I'll Be Seeing You."

"Here's Your Song" network

STATION		TIME
Sydney	2GB	7.15 p.m., Thurs.
Melbourne	3AW	7.15 p.m., Thurs.
Maryborough	/CV	7.15 p.m., Thurs.
Brisbane	4BH	6.30 p.m., Thurs.
Adelaide	5DN	6.45 p.m., Thurs.
Perth	6IX	6.45 p.m. Monday
Katanning	/WB	6.45 p.m. Monday
Merredin	/MD	6.45 p.m. Monday
Bridgetown	/BY	6.45 p.m. Monday
Hobart	7HO	7.15 p.m. Saturday
Launceston	7LA	7.15 p.m. Saturday

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY
HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins Street, Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth Street, Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
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Nyal
TOOTH PASTE

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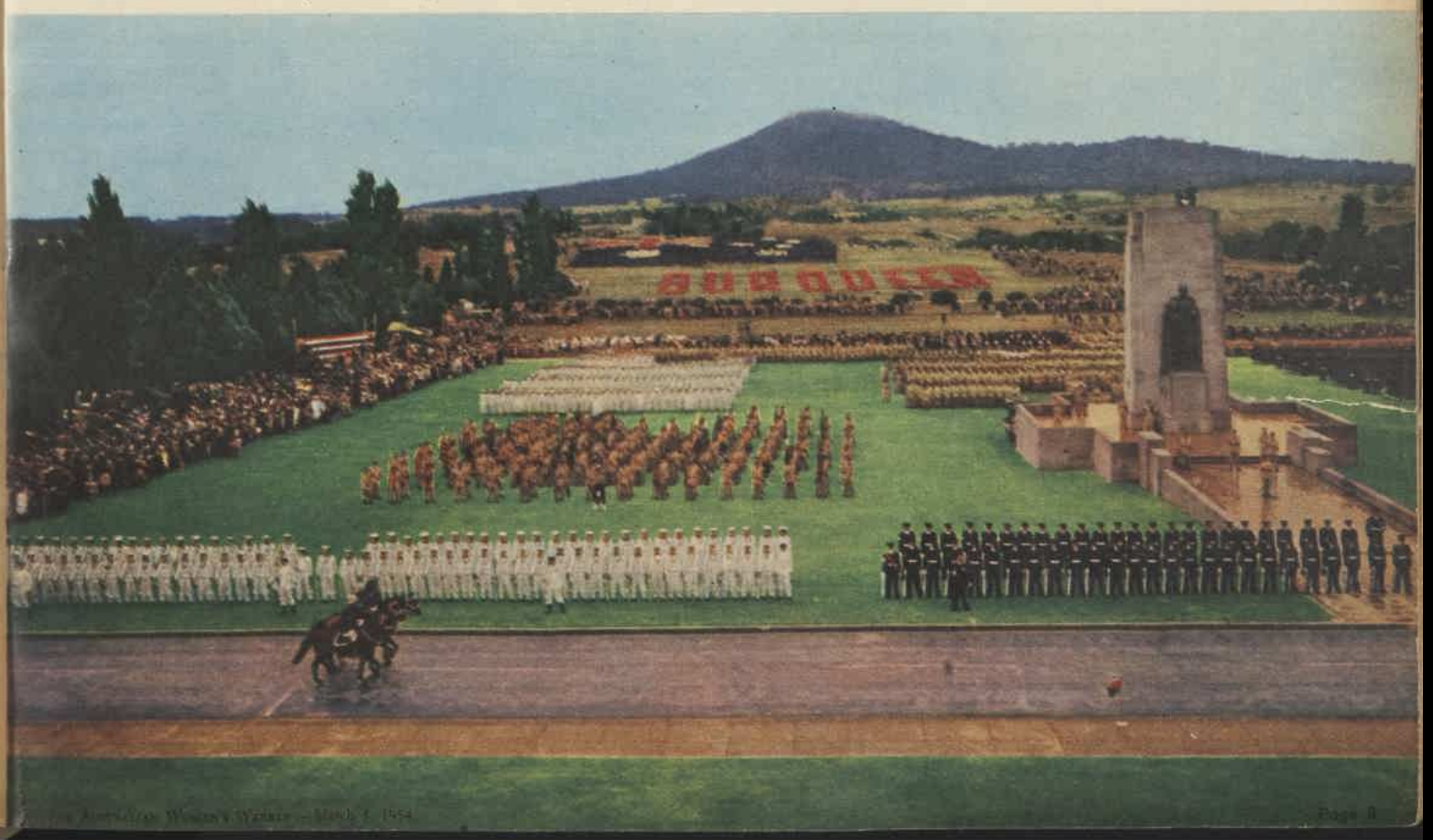
HER MAJESTY VISITS CANBERRA

ABOVE: The Queen, escorted by the Bishop of Canberra and Goulburn, the Right Reverend E. H. Burgmann, arrives at St. John's Church, Canberra, for morning service. There was room inside the church for only 200 people, but crowds outside were able to listen to the service, which was relayed to them through loudspeakers.

BELOW: Against a beautiful scenic background, 6000 members of the three fighting Services, drawn up round the King George V Memorial in front of Parliament House, Canberra, await the Queen's arrival to open the Federal Parliament. Afterwards, Her Majesty stood on a covered dais to review the troops in a colorful and spectacular parade.



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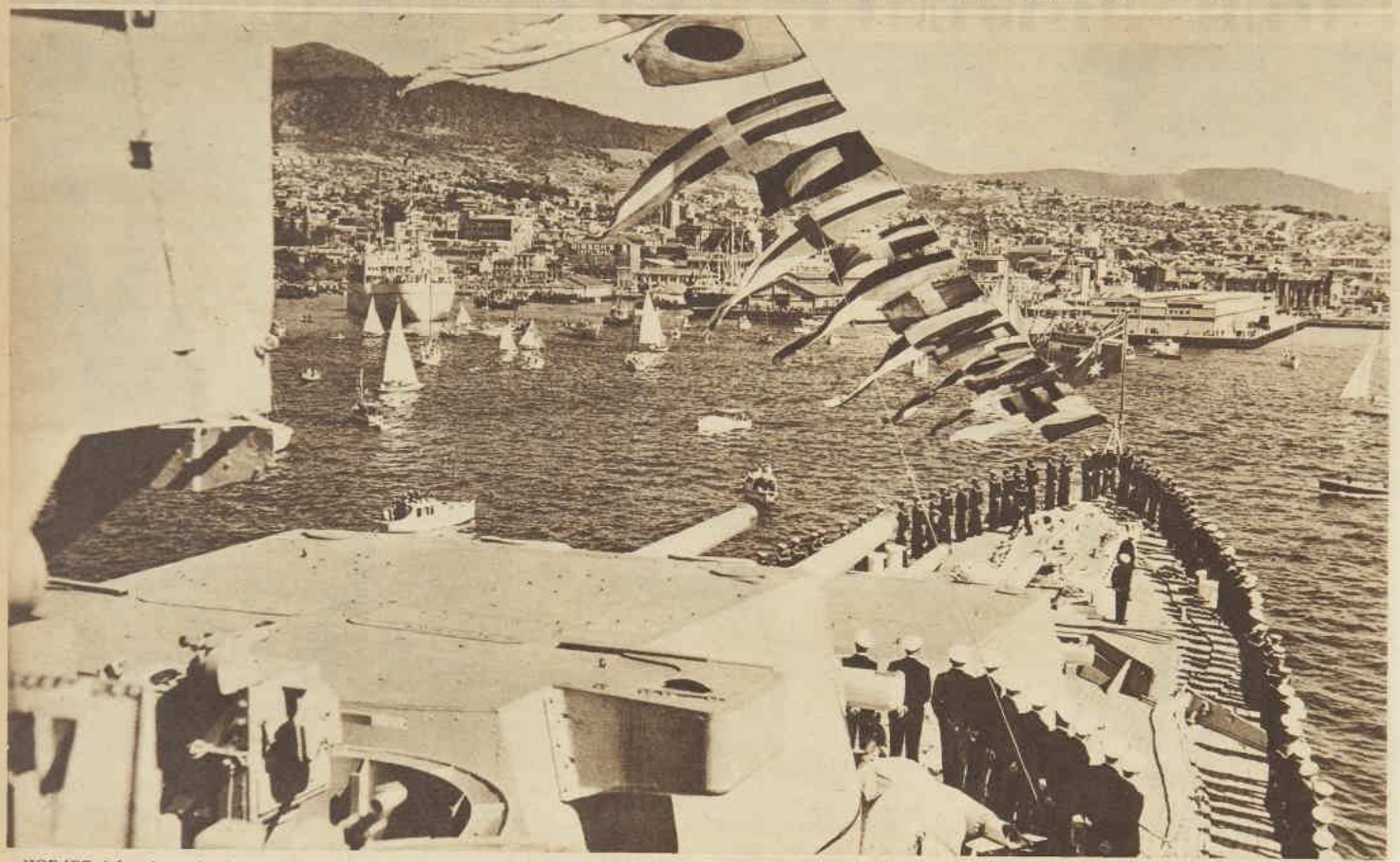
TASMANIA'S LOYAL WELCOME



HOBART (above), at the foot of Mt. Wellington, makes a magnificent setting as the Royal yacht Gothic (left), with the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on board, berths at Prince's Wharf, in the Derwent. Earlier the Queen filmed the scene from Gothic.

THE QUEEN (below) unveils the memorial on Hobart's waterfront which commemorates the 150th anniversary of the city's foundation. In the background, sailors line the flight-deck of the aircraft-carrier Vengeance. It was a sunny day, with a cool breeze.

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● The people of Hobart, Australia's second oldest city, gave an enthusiastic greeting to the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh as they gathered in thousands to see them at official functions during the tour.

AFTER MORNING PRAYER Her Majesty, with the Anglican Bishop of Tasmania, Bishop Cranswick, leaves the 86-year-old St. David's Cathedral, Hobart. A large congregation heard the Duke of Edinburgh read the second lesson.

HER MAJESTY and the Duke at the Civic Ball, Hobart, with the Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Harris, and Lady Harris. The Queen's gown was pale lilac organza.

NURSES of the Repatriation General Hospital, Hobart, in their crisp uniforms form a guard of honor along the drive as the Royal visitors arrive for an inspection of the hospital.

AT THE GARDEN PARTY in Hobart the Queen wore this white-collared dress of stiffened gold taffeta. Exuberant crowds jostling forward to see Her Majesty caused trouble to police and security officers at the function.

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THIS AUTUMN PARADE IT'S

'BRAID ON SUEDE

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WHEN HER MAJESTY OPENED FEDERAL PARLIAMENT:

The Uninvited Guest

Puppy dog, puppy dog,
Where have you been?
I've been to Canberra
To visit the Queen.

Puppy dog, puppy dog,
What did you there?
A cop threw me out
By the scruff of my hair.

I'm not in the picture;
I'm out of the way.
The men of the Navy
Have carried the day.

The Countess of Darnley, beautiful wife of the ninth Earl.

"It's my one essential cream"

Like so many other titled women, the Countess of Darnley makes Pond's her beauty care.
There is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients in Pond's famous Cold Cream. Together, these ingredients work on your skin *as a team.*
They cleanse your skin immaculately, and supply the oil and moisture skin *needs regularly* to look fresh, soft.
Get a large jar or convenient tube of Pond's Cold Cream today. Available everywhere. Use it nightly.

The Countess of Darnley

The coronet worn by a countess.

Among the peeresses of the Realm who witnessed the Coronation was the Countess of Darnley. How lovely she looked — the rich, glowing crimson of her robes showing to full advantage that glorious, creamy complexion!
The Countess finds Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely essential for immaculate skin cleanliness, the basic requirement of a beautiful complexion. "Double-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream is the most thorough cleansing I know — it gives me the most luxurious feeling," says the Countess of Darnley.

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THE QUEEN IN PRETTY PASTELS

● Soft, flattering shades are favorites with the Queen for her Royal tour duties. Some of the attractive ensembles she has worn on her country tours are pictured on these pages.

SKY-BLUE HAT to match her printed blue dress was worn by Her Majesty for her visit to Newcastle. Here, on the official dais outside the Newcastle City Hall, the Queen replies to the address of welcome. After the reception, the Queen and the Duke made an appearance on the City Hall balcony.

MAIZE SILK DRESS and a charming petalled yellow hat become the Queen as she drives, smiling, through Canberra's crowded streets to the citizens' reception at Civic Centre after her arrival at Fairbairn airport.

OLD-FASHIONED PINKS pattern the white suit which the Queen wears as she inspects exhibits at the Dubbo Show with Mr. Les Clark, president of the Dubbo Show Society. Her smart emerald-green hat gives contrast.

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Royal choice is powder-blue

A SLENDER FIGURE in her light wool coat of blue, the Queen walks down the steps of the War Memorial in King's Parade, Bathurst, with the Mayor, Alderman A. L. Morse. Her Majesty's dainty white curved hat is trimmed with blue swathes. A beautiful sapphire-and-diamond brooch is pinned on her coat lapel.

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MOTHER

"Can we help you paint the floor, Mum?"

NEWS FLASH

"We interrupt this programme to bring you a special bulletin . . ."

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THAT suggestion in Brisbane made by the Returned Servicemen's League — that ex-servicewomen should not carry handbags to the rally for the Queen—annoyed some of the girls, according to reports.

I don't know whether the thing has been settled, but the question of handbags for servicewomen always was contentious.

The girls weren't really supposed to carry anything at all, though, as the war went on, they were allowed to have those inadequate wallets called service purses.

An ex-Army girl recalls the mingled horror and envy aroused by the American Wacs, who not only carried shoulder-strap handbags, but when off duty at night pinned orchids to their uniform lapels.

"There was a sergeant," she said (and even ten years after her voice had a note of incredulity), "who wore a silver chain anklet under her stocking!"

My only experience of uniform was the year after the war when, travelling to Japan as a reporter, I was required to wear the uniform of the A.A.M.W.S.

The girls who really belonged to the Service explained that it was not done to bulge out those capacious jacket pockets with lipsticks and notebooks, but they were very kind about my unmilitary appearance and helped remedy it in any way they could.

Australian Service authorities have been reluctant to recognise the femaleness of women. It was obviously ridiculous to put those big jacket pockets just where, if filled with junk, they would make the wearer look odd.

A lady must have somewhere to carry her lipstick, rouge, comb, powder, diary, and handkerchiefs. (Carry on your own inventory from there.)

Inside pockets on the hips of the skirt might help. Otherwise there's nothing for it but a handbag.

★ ★ ★

DIRECTOR of an American research institute, Dr. Maurice Tainter, says: "Major difficulty today is to keep people alive and in good mental health."

Makes you think, doesn't it?

★ ★ ★

ALL those thousands of children who gather everywhere the Queen goes have the time of their lives—except for one disappointment.

The small ones all ask, "Where is her crown?"

One little boy came home to his mother and said, "Oh, gee, Mum, she had a hat on, like the ones you wear." Another young child burst into inexplicable tears after Her Majesty had passed, revealed under questioning that it was because he had expected a crown.

Interestingly enough, the little girls don't seem to mind so much. They know a pretty dress when they see one.

AMERICAN air hostesses are said to be infuriated by the ruling of an airlines company that they must retire at 32.

The company tried to explain by saying that "an attractive appearance was usually found to a higher degree in young women." It added: "An age-limit of 32 will best effectuate and preserve the concept of stewardess service as understood by this company."

That last sentence deserves to go down in history as one of the prize bits of jabberwocky of the 20th century.

And yet one should not be too hard on the originator of it. I can imagine him, some poor harassed public relations man, none too handsome himself perhaps, having a conversation with his chief:

P.R. Man: "What you mean, sir, is that you think the girls don't look so good after 32."

Chief: "Heavens no, Blenkinsop. I'm a married man and so are you. What I'm trying to say, but in a nicer way, is that 22 is younger than 32."

P.R. Man: "Yes, sir, you always put things extremely well. But it's hard to say that without giving offence."

Chief (impatiently): "What do I pay you for, Blenkinsop? Don't bother me with the difficulties. What this company wants — er, the concept of this company is . . . Look here, Blenkinsop, if you can't find some polished and inoffensive way of saying our passengers like 'em young I'll find someone who can."

P.R. Man: "Yes, yes, sir. Concept! That's a splendid word. I'll go on from there . . ."

★ ★ ★

THE British Conservative Party urges supporters with television sets to invite people to their homes to watch the party's television programmes. It suggests that guests include those people not normally interested in politics, or waverers, and warns hosts not to supply food and drink because that is forbidden by law as a corrupt practice.

We hope you can come on Thursday. What? Politics aren't your dish?
Well, you ought to be taking an interest, and not be a spineless fish.
Why? Not your idea of enjoyment? No, we can't promise song and dance,
But if you're a wavering voter, then, brother, this is your chance!
You can spend some enthralling hours in front of our TV screen.
No, we cannot offer libations, because they would contravene
The Electoral Act and its purpose, which insists on an open mind,
And precludes us, much as we wish it, from helping our guests to get blind.
Yes, it's true that our list is lagging. This apathy gives you the pip.
Perhaps we could hire a comedian, let guests bring flasks on the hip,
Or, between you and me, old fellow, provided nothing is said,
Go out in the highways and byways, and knock a few over the head.

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Tales of Hoffmann

ANTONIA (Betty Fretwell), third and true love of Hoffmann (Lance Ingram), dies in his arms. All his three loves are thwarted.

● ***The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh will attend Jacques Offenbach's opera, "The Tales of Hoffmann," at a Royal performance at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne, on March 1.***

The colorful production will be staged by the National Theatre Movement and produced by Stefan Haag, who produced "The Consul" last year.

Striking stage sets and elaborate costumes were designed by Melbourne artist Louis Kahan.

ABOVE: Hoffmann's first love (Barbara Wilson) is in reality a mechanical doll, created by Spalanzani (Stefan Haag).

GUILIETTA (Marie Collier) with Hoffmann, Dapertutto (John Shaw), dancer (Valrene Tweedie), and Nicklaus (Dorothea Deegan).

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Gemey Face Powder is available in seven fashion-perfect shades . . . Rachel No. 1, Rachel No. 2, Tan Rachel, Peach, Naturelle, Cream Beige, Tropical, each one harmonised to skin tones . . . 5/6

Gemey Talcum keeps you feeling fresh from top to toe, fragrantly lovely with Gemey perfume. Use it after every bath — it's absorbent but silken soft and smooth . . . 3/9

Gemey

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Steadiflow

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CHAMPAGNE TOAST. Diana Pitt and Philip Bell toast the guests of honor at the dance given for Pam Macarthur Onslow and Peter King at Camden Park, home of Sir Reginald and Lady Stanham. Hostesses were Mrs. Edward Macarthur Onslow, of Camden, and Mrs. Michael King, of Edgecliff.

QUARTET on the verandah of Camden Park at the dance given for Pam Macarthur Onslow and Peter King are, from left, Graham McPherson, Rosemary Ashton, of "Millamolong," Mandurama, Annette Macarthur Onslow, and Henry Arnott. Pam wore a bouffant white organdie dress.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

IT seems hard to believe the Royal visit to Sydney is really over, and that life has resumed its normal pace once more.

Many folk who postponed holidays while the Royal tour was on have left the city, and for others it is only a brief breathing space before another round of activity begins.

Picnic races beckon to a lot of enthusiasts. The Orange meeting will be held on March 2, 3, and 6, with Goulburn on March 5, and Yass following closely on March 11 and 12.

And brides, whose dressmakers had shelved bridal finery to make dresses for State occasions, are now in the midst of fittings for their wedding gowns.

• • •

WITH two weddings taking place within eight weeks of each other, the Beauty Point home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hole is a very busy one.

Judy Blake-Brownrigg, who is engaged to cricketer Graeme Hole, will come to Sydney from Adelaide to be bridesmaid when Graeme's sister Patricia marries Jeff Carroll at St. Augustine's Church, Neutral Bay, on March 3.

And Patricia and Jeff will return from their honeymoon in time to attend Graeme and Judy's wedding at Christ Church, North Adelaide, on April 24.

• • •

PRETTY Gwen Laws had a double reason for celebration at a party given in her honor, when she celebrated her coming-of-age and announced her engagement to Alan Cochrane. Gwen is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. Laws, of Belmore.

THERE'LL be none of that let-down feeling now that the Royal visitors have left New South Wales for Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis. With her son Tim and daughter Leslie, Mrs. Baillieu will leave by air for America on March 16. She tells me that she's looking forward to the trip very much. England and the Continent are also included in the Baillieus' itinerary, and they expect to be away for seven or eight months.

• • •

IT was a thrill for 18-year-old Paul Brennan, of "Eurobin," Tumut, when he and his mother were presented to the Queen at the Royal Garden Party at Government House. Paul won the Cooper Scholarship for Classics in the Leaving Examinations and is coming down to study at St. John's College, Sydney University—he plans to go on to Cambridge University and then join the Diplomatic Corps. Paul is the youngest of six sons, and the first Brennan for five generations to break away from the tradition of the land.

• • •

HEIRLOOM christening gown of silk and lace was worn by six-weeks-old Scott Samuel Bruce Wilmott, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Wilmott, of "Rotherfield," Quirindi, when he was christened at Christ Church St. Laurence. Scott, with his parents and sisters Jennifer and Judith, left Sydney for home this week.

COUSINS Pam Macarthur Onslow (left) and Peter King (second from left) welcome June Hudson and John Ellis to their dance at Camden Park. Pam wore a pink-and-white candy-striped cotton dress trimmed with white organdie.

MRS. EVELYN CROSSING tells me that she and her daughter Judy, who leave for England in the Oronsay on Saturday, February 27, plan to be away for 10 months—they will be home in time for Christmas. Mrs. Crossing is looking forward to seeing many of her friends in England, and Judy, who is a third-year Economics student, will continue her studies while she is abroad.

• • •

WONDERFUL holiday in Adelaide is being enjoyed by Lorina Paterson and Patricia Edwards, who will return home about the middle of this month. Both Lorina and Patricia are nurses at the Royal North Shore Hospital.

JUDITH WHITE, daughter of the Australian High Commissioner in London, Sir Thomas White, and Lady White, will leave Melbourne in the Oronsay on March 2. Judith has been staying with her fiance, Geoffrey Harley, and his parents, Dr. and Mrs. A. W. Harley, of Toorak, since she arrived in Australia four months ago. She will arrive in London in time to be bridesmaid when her sister Shirley marries John Wadman on May 5. The other bridesmaid will be Lillian White. Judith and Geoffrey, who is a final-year medical student, will not finalise their wedding plans until Geoffrey has completed his course at Melbourne University.

Anne

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ROYAL VISIT

EVENTS IN SYDNEY AND CANBERRA

AT H.M.A.S. PENGUIN. From left, Mr. John Bovill, Mrs. Bovill, Mrs. Philip Berry-Smith, and Lieut.-Commander Berry-Smith at the Balmoral Naval Depot for the visit of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh. Mrs. Bovill and Mrs. Berry-Smith used umbrellas to shelter from the hot sun.

GARDEN PARTY IN CANBERRA. From left, Mr. Michael Osborne, of "Currendooley," Bungendore, Mrs. George Hurst, of "Lark Hill," Goulburn, Mrs. Jim Ashton, of "Millamolong," Mandurama, Brigadier Hurst, and Mrs. Paddy Osborne at the garden party given at Yarralumla by the Governor-General, Field-Marshal Sir William Slim, and Lady Slim in honor of the Royal visit to the Federal Capital.

DUNTROON PARTY. Captain and Mrs. Brian Forward at the morning tea party given at Duntroon House by the Commandant, Major-General R. N. L. Hopkins, and Mrs. Hopkins after the presentation of colors by the Queen.

FAMILY GROUP. From left, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Baillieu, of "Tongy," Cassilis, with their daughter, Leslie, and son, Tim, at the Royal Garden Party given at Government House, Sydney, by the Governor of New South Wales, Sir John Northcott, and his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Northcott. Leslie wore a tiny white hat with her pale blue dress.

WIDE-BRIMMED HATS were worn by Mrs. Patricia Garvan (left) and her sister, Mrs. Peter Varley, to the Royal Garden Party in Sydney. Mrs. Varley chose a steel-grey shantung taffeta dress with a shawl collar.

THEY WERE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN AT THE STATE BALL IN CANBERRA. Left, Sir Garfield Barwick, Q.C., and Lady Barwick, who wore a pewter-grey satin dress with roses pinned at the waist. Centre, Sir Leslie Morshead and Lady Morshead. Lady Morshead chose a draped gown of steel-grey chiffon with a matching stole. Right, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Crace, of "Gungaderra," Canberra. Mrs. Crace wore a beautiful diamond tiara with her full-skirted gown of white brocade.

SON AND DAUGHTER of the American Ambassador, Mr. Amos Peaslee, Richard and Dorothy Peaslee, at a party given at the Embassy in Canberra after the unveiling of the National Memorial to America.

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DELAWARE ☐ (Cuffed, peaked stole worn with LAUSANNE, in red)

(Please tick ☑ those required)

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Her Majesty plans family reunion

THE ROYAL CHILDREN, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, who will make their first trip abroad when they sail to Tobruk in the new Royal yacht, Britannia. The children and their parents will have a family holiday in Malta before returning to London.

HER MAJESTY and the Duke leaving Parliament House, Hobart, where the Queen opened a new session of Parliament. This was part of a day's busy programme which included also an investiture at Government House, a garden party, and the Civic Ball.

Rest in Hobart affords time to arrange Malta holiday

By ANNE MATHESON, our Royal tour correspondent

The peace and restraint of the first three days of the Tasmanian visit so refreshed the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh that they used their rest period to make plans for bringing Prince Charles and Princess Anne out to Tobruk in the new Royal yacht Britannia.

THE Queen sat at her desk in her sitting-room in Government House, Hobart, and listed wardrobes of summer frocks and suits for her children, ordered play-suits and sun-hats, and planned details of the children's holiday in Malta.

The Duke, who has been invited back to Australia for the Olympic Games in 1956, drew up a list of the places he would like to visit when he returns.

He is very interested in the development of Australia, and wishes to see the oil and uranium fields and much more of the country's vital industrial life.

He spent most of his rest period reading up about Australian economic life and planning his return visit. He will finalise much of the detail of this before the present tour is over.

On the mainland where the pattern of the Royal tour is boisterous, with long, fatiguing, country trips, there is little time for this advance planning.

In Tasmania, where the tempo is slower, the Royal couple have been glad of the opportunity to work quietly through their arrangements.

The Queen plans to meet her children on board the Royal yacht at Tobruk. The children will not go ashore.

In Malta, however, the Queen hopes to take the Royal children out a great deal.

Careful arrangements have to be made to ensure that the children have a really happy holiday without being too much in the limelight.

I know that the Queen is going to take the children shopping in Malta. They will be seen in the streets and round the bazaars having very much the sort of holiday all children like.

The Queen, who likes to supervise every detail of her children's clothes, like any other mother, was pleased when their holiday wardrobe was finally planned and the letters were sent off to Buckingham Palace.

It is generally believed that the Queen Mother will be looking after much of the detail of the Royal children's wardrobes and plans for their first voyage abroad, but this is not strictly true.

The Queen Mother has herself a very busy official programme next summer and will be making arrangements for her visit to the United States.

The Queen, therefore, has asked Miss Lightbody and the new governess, Miss Kathleen Peebles, to order the children's clothes and to keep in close touch with her by letter so that the Queen Mother will not be given any extra worry.

On Monday morning the historic opening of Parliament in Hobart by the Queen was a very colorful and stately occasion.

The Queen wore a shantung tussore silk evening dress of white, with small sleeves and a wide, pointed cross-over decolletage.

The skirt was plain with fullness that draped from the hemline to the waist, where white lilies and sweetpeas were tucked in the tailored belt.

Her Majesty wore a delicate fleur-de-lis tiara, a flat collar of diamonds, and diamond stud earrings.

The grey, rather forbidding Parliament House building was transformed with colorful decorations, flags, bunting, and broad drapes caught with brilliant rosettes in patriotic motifs.

The decorations were gay but dignified. There was no suggestion of gaudiness or ostentation.

The Queen made a majestic figure as she sat in the President's chair for the opening.

The chair is an exquisite piece of workmanship, with the rose, thistle, and shamrock carved in figured blackwood.

A moment after the Queen was seated she glanced to the right, looking at the magnificent portrait of her illustrious predecessor, Queen Victoria.

The carpet on the floor of the 98-year-old oak-panelled chamber of the House must have recalled vividly to the Queen her own Coronation.

It has the same pattern as the carpets made for civic use in Britain for the Coronation season.

The Queen spoke in quiet, measured tones when she said: "Black Rod will now summon the House of Assembly."

Her serious demeanor and youthful dignity gave exactly the right note of solemnity to the occasion.

At the afternoon garden party, 4000 guests on the lawns of Government House saw the Queen wearing a lovely dress of gold stiff taffeta with a most unusual collar of white that looked like a bolero.

The Queen and the Duke walked in different parts of the garden.

The Duke talked to so many people at the party that he was very late for tea, joining the Queen long after she had finished hers.

He crossed the lawn to a guest in a wheel-chair, ex-Senior Constable Jackson, who was paralysed in 1929, when engaged in flood rescue work. Mr. Jackson won the Royal Humane Society's medal.

The Duke and Lady Cross walked together between lines of guests.

Lady Cross wore grey satin. Her jewellery was heavy gold and she wore a heavy gold-braid close-fitting cap.

The lawns of Government House, sloping down to the Derwent River, made a superb setting for the garden party.

There was a suggestion of rain, but the sun broke through the light clouds.

The Derwent Scottish Pipe Band in Maclean tartan played on the lawns, and for those who were not watching the Queen there was light diversion when half a dozen kilted girls danced a reel.

Mrs. R. G. O'Connor, wearing a navy ottoman silk coat over a chalk-white crepe frock and a white hat, lunched with the Queen at Government House before the garden party.

Mrs. O'Connor's son Roderick said he was beginning to feel nervous as the Queen's visit to their property, "Connorville," drew near.

The Queen spoke to Tasmanians she had met in London and told them how much she liked Hobart.

Admiring the beautiful scene in front of her, the Queen said: "I shall remember this always. It is quite perfect."

LENT FOR THE OCCASION

TASMANIANS worked together like one large, happy family for the Royal visit. Everyone who had something to lend offered it for the occasion.

Some of the State's loveliest flowers were sent to Hobart from as far away as Scottsdale and Huonville for the decorations. Hundreds of boxes of gladioli were packed and arrived fresh every day.

Mrs. Alec McGregor sent tubs of beautiful hydrangeas to Government House to enhance the already lovely gardens there.

Silver candelabra were borrowed from some of Tasmania's oldest families to set off the supper tables after the City Hall reception.

Dame Gertrude Cosgrove, the wife of the Premier, herself accepted the loan of a fine diamond pendant from Miss Doris Fitzpatrick, of Deloraine.

It is a family piece belonging to one of the island's oldest families, and Dame Gertrude, herself a third generation Tasmanian, was proud to wear it on the night she first entertained the Queen.

Children sitting in the sunshine pinned on their red, white, and blue ribbons with pins and brooches their parents had worn when they went to meet Royalty, and last-minute instructions of "See you don't lose it" were given in many homes.

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'Contemporary' or 'modern'?

There are two schools of thought. Some say 'modern'; others 'contemporary'.

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CARLISLE ENGLAND

BLAZING A TRAIL

BLIND TEACHER of the blind. Mercy Griffin meets Mr. Roy Kippax (right), director of Blind Services in N.S.W., and Mr. K. R. Bunn, superintendent of the Royal Victorian Institute for the Blind.

Blind teacher wins U.S. scholarship

By MARGARET BINGHAM, staff reporter

Blazing a trail which opens up a new field for blind Australian teachers, Mercy Griffin, a 34-year-old blind teacher from Queensland, left recently to take up a ten months' scholarship at the New York Institute for the Education of the Blind.

AS far as she knows, Mercy is the only Australian who has ever applied for or received this scholarship, which is granted in America to overseas teachers of the blind.

First chance and then initiative brought her success.

"I read about the scholarship in an out-of-date magazine," she told me when I met her at the Royal Blind Society, Sydney, just before she left by air for New York.

"I wrote to the address given and asked if the scholarship still applied. Six weeks later I received application forms.

"I then sent references and a transcript of my academic record and very soon they wrote back saying, 'Come,'" she said.

So there was Mercy, happy, poised, and enthusiastic, ready to set off on her long journey after several hectic weeks of preparation.

She expected to be very excited once she was in the plane. It was her first trip abroad.

Part of our conversation shows what an adventure Mercy had ahead of her.

Q.: Do you know anyone at the New York Institute?

A. (with a smile): No.

Q.: Do you know anyone in New York?

A. (another smile): No.

Q.: Is anyone travelling with you?

A. (more smiles): No. I feel like Alice in Wonderland and Christopher Columbus.

One thing is certain. Although Mercy will be working and living with other students from many different countries, she won't have to worry about understanding them.

For braille is international and there are no bars to perfect understanding and easy communication between students and teachers.

At 34, Mercy feels that she is the right age for an experience of this kind.

"I know what I'm looking for and I know what answers I want," she explained.

New methods

"AT 24 I would have been most impressed by everything, but I would have had only a general blurred impression."

Mercy expects to have general training in such subjects as educational psychology during the first part of her course. She will also observe the practical training methods used at the Institute.

There are three aspects of the work to which she would like to give special attention.

"I am very interested in the training of the very young blind and also in the teaching of blind adolescents—a problem to be solved," she said.

"And I want to study the training of additionally handicapped blind children—for instance, those who are spastic or paralysed."

The New York Institute is on 27 acres of land on Pelham Parkway near the Bronx.

"It sounds very well organised," Mercy told me. "In the magazine I read, for example, that all the younger children are given a dog each. They call this system 'Buddies Incorporated.'

"In this way the children learn to take care of pets. The dogs don't seem to be trained as 'seeing eye' dogs, but they act more or less as guides.

"There might be a dog for me, too," she added with a smile.

Mercy is a B.A. of Queensland University. After graduating, she coached evening tutorial classes in English, French, and Latin at the Brisbane Technical College.

Then she became a teacher at the School for the Blind in Brisbane.

Mercy left in a shower of good wishes from blind people all over Australia.

The news of her scholarship travelled fast and she received many encouraging letters.

"I didn't expect so much personal interest," she said.

Until now the Australian blind community has had its strongest links with England.

All the equipment for blind schools and libraries comes from there, and if extra study was considered, students would naturally think first of going to English schools.

As Mrs. Gwen Ringland, a member of the Sydney Braille Writers' Association, pointed out, Mercy's success means a lot to blind students, especially those at universities who may be thinking of post-graduate work.

Mercy became blind when she was seven years old. She considers herself fortunate in that she missed only six months' school at that time.

"Some children," she explained, "miss years of schooling. This is not sufficiently understood. They might miss five or six years because of hospital treatment.

"By missing only six months I was able to start at blind school in the same grade that I would have been in at my previous school."

Mercy is Rockhampton born. She has holidayed in Melbourne, but this was her first visit to Sydney. She took the opportunity of meeting members of the Royal Blind Society.

Her mother, Mrs. S. E. Griffin, came to Sydney with her to farewell her.

Mercy plans to keep in touch regularly with all her Australian friends.

Mrs. Ringland suggested that a "round robin" letter would solve many correspondence problems.

Braille letters

AND Mercy took with her as a gift from the Royal Blind Society a small-size Braille slate on which she could write her letters home.

She also packed a small teapot, a gift from a thoughtful friend, so that she would not be dependent on American tea-making.

When Mercy returns to Australia at the end of this year she hopes to be able to travel round the country to give other members of the blind community the benefit of her first-hand observations in the United States.

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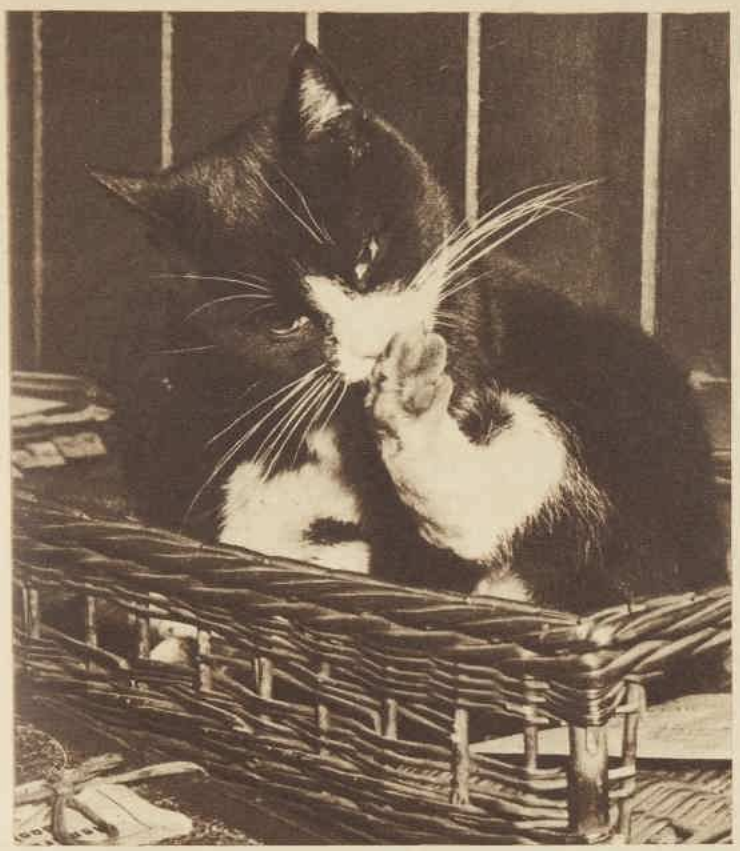
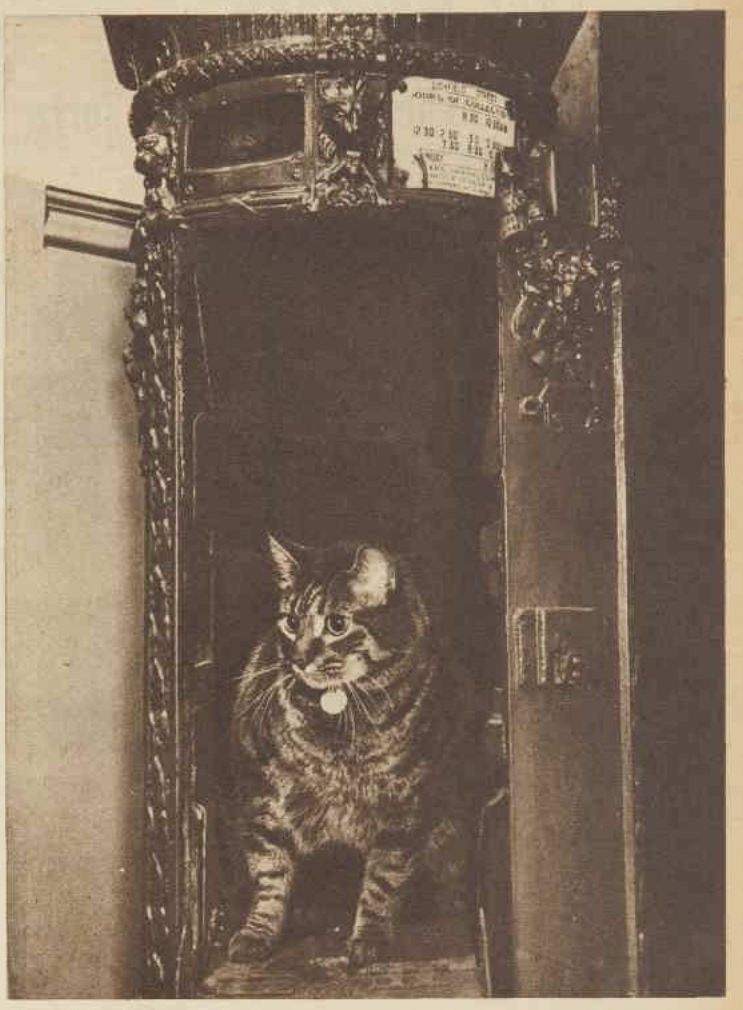
London is kind to its Cockney cats



ABOVE: Min, the Port of London Authority cat, has made her home in the office of a warehouse at Millwall Docks. Min is a good ratter and will tackle a rat so big she can scarcely drag it across the road. She defends her warehouse home against visiting animals —particularly dogs in search of a free meal.



RIGHT: Tibs, the Post Office cat at headquarters building in St. Martins-le-Grand, poses inside an 1856 pillar-box. Ever since 1868 the General Post Office has had official cats on the staff and an allowance of 1/6 a week is given for maintenance of each cat. Tibs is two years old and dislikes visitors.

● Like most cities, London is alive with cats, and when it was suggested that someone do a book about them Warren Tute and Felix Fonteyn thought it a good idea. The result was "Cockney Cats," an amusing account of some of the old identities among London's feline population. Pictures on this page show some of the cats the authors have met.

RIGHT: Pam, who arrived in London from New Zealand by ship a few years ago, lives now at "The Prospect of Whitby," a famous old inn. Black and white in color and of uncertain age, she amuses herself catching mice and cockroaches and producing kittens. She never seems to miss her seafaring life.

BELOW: Old Bill, the railway cat of Blackfriars station, spends most of his time gazing out across Queen Victoria St. in a sleepy fashion. The station staff contributes pennies each week to keep Bill in food, and one old lady who travels through the station at 1.30 a.m. each day feeds him on chicken.

TAILLESS CAT of the Guard Room of the Tower of London has no name. Tragedy overtook her at an early age when she got in the way of an intoxicated soldier armed with an axe and lost her tail. Ever since, the guards have treated her with special care, and she shows no sign of wanting to leave.

TIGER, of "The Times," walked into "The Times" building some years ago and adopted it as his home. Now he has the run of the place from editorial offices to machine-room. In return for care, affection, and titbits of food, he keeps the building clear of rats. Recently Tiger figured in a "Times" leader.

N.S.W.

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Here we show you the dressing table with the alternative reflex mirrors. Both this and the cheval type are eminently practical and good looking.

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Murray fine furniture is sold by retail stores only. If your store does not have in stock the "Vogue"—or any other Murray piece you are interested in — write to Murray Bros. Limited, Park Rd., Alexandria, Sydney (tel. MX14731). They will tell you where you can purchase the item you want.

AT ALL GOOD FURNITURE STORES

Murray fine FURNITURE

What's in a face?

English expert thinks a keen mind is a beauty asset

By CAROLYN EARLE, Our Beauty Expert

Zest for day-to-day living is more likely to hold wrinkles at bay than bursts of beauty treatment, according to Mr. Robert Lodge, export director of a noted English cosmetics firm.

MR LODGE, who arrived in Sydney by air recently, plans to spend three months touring Australia, talking to groups of women of all ages about beauty care, individual grooming problems, and the art of developing poise and personality.

Audiences will find this authority surprisingly different from the supposedly "typical" phlegmatic Englishman who carries a rolled umbrella and is hard to talk to.

Cordial and relaxed, in keeping with his own ideas, he is obviously an old hand at the beauty game, with ability to "talk up" his subject and punctuate it with amusing anecdotes and domestic chit-chat.

His point of view is that feminine charm springs from three main sources—sensible habits of beauty care, good health, and a lively mental attitude.

Like any proud family man thousands of miles away from home, Mr. Lodge frequently mentions his wife and two daughters.

For one thing he believes that his womenfolk are typical of thousands of average women in the beauty sense.

"My wife," he explained, "represents the middle-aged housewife. She follows no set fashions, doesn't like much make-up, and wants quiet colors for day.

"Maybe this sounds old-fashioned, but just to show that she is on the beam she is just as likely to throw her own make-up rules overboard to suit the mood and the occasion."

Mr. Lodge's elder daughter, who is a career girl recently married, has a fine natural complexion. With what her father terms "uncommon good sense," she uses make-up primarily as a highlight for her own coloring.

Jill, the youngest member of the household, doesn't mind acting as a guinea-pig.

Seventeen years old and venturesome, she says, "Daddy, please bring home all the samples. I love to try all the different colors."

In Ireland, where the loveliest complexions are said to be found, the skin is whipped to rosy freshness by soft winds and gentle rains. English rose coloring, which is also highly admired, has to do with the weather, too.

Coming nearer to home, Tasmanian women can also be grateful to climatic conditions for clear, finely textured skin.

But in sunburned Australia, with its active outdoor life, "wearing" of the skin is a headache to complexion-conscious women.

ROBERT LODGE

"You've heard that before, I know, but it is well worth repeating," Mr. Lodge said.

"It's no exaggeration to say that the many Australian girls whom I met during a previous visit to this country are as attractive and vital as you could hope to see anywhere in the world.

Smile for beauty

"THEY smile and laugh a lot—that's good. It's a form of relaxation that stimulates the skin."

But he advises women here, especially over 25, to guard against drying of the skin.

He believes they should gear beauty care to fit the scene with carefully selected preparations for outdoors and with suitable home care.

It need not cost more money or time, but may save many Australian women from the finely wrinkled skin and deep crow's feet that follow neglect in this climate.

This would not apply to everybody, and Mr. Lodge emphasises the importance of understanding individual problems and dealing with them objectively.

Here are some random observations made by Mr. Lodge:

On cosmetics . . . Wearing too much make-up, frequently to camouflage blemishes, and loading the skin with creams at night are common faults.

Heavy make-up defeats its purpose, which is to protect the skin as well as embellish it.

Always look to the condition of your skin before decorating it.

No skin cream need be left on overnight or for more than 15 minutes. The skin will absorb all the nourishment it can hold in that time. The residue should be wiped off to make sure that none is left on overnight.

On the skin . . . Too many women think of the skin simply as a surface which usually carries cosmetics.

Actually the skin is a complex and vital part of the body, largely dependent on the blood stream and requiring special care.

It is affected by poor nutrition, fatigue, and strain. Even the way you think has a potent effect on the complexion.

Generally . . . Be realistic about your looks and pursue improvements optimistically.

Apart from the food you eat and the exercise you do, look to sleep and relaxation in beauty building.

Remember that too much food, or even too much sleep, is as harmful to your looks as any other bad habit.

Forget worries (real and imagined). They distort facial features, causing lines and wrinkles to appear.

Encourage a calm attitude and vital outlook for beauty.

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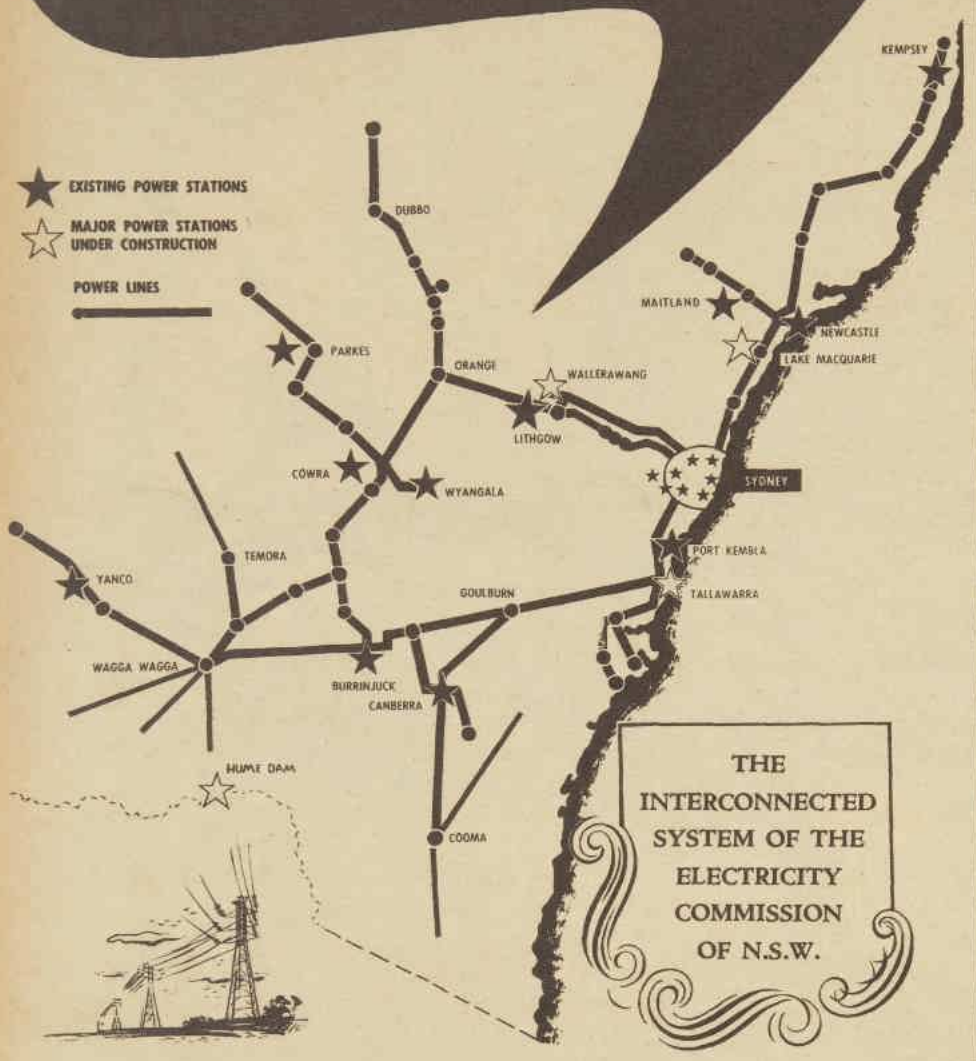
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4815851

The Most Important Lines

on the map of N.S.W.



The power stations of The Electricity Commission's Interconnected System generate over 95% of the electricity consumed in New South Wales.

The Commission was formed in 1950, at a time of acute shortage of supply, to weld the then independent four major generating authorities into one system capable of supplying electricity in bulk to distributing bodies throughout the State.

To-day, this has been achieved and all restrictions on the use of electricity have been lifted.

Supply is effected over the network of high tension transmission lines, shown in the map, whose total route length exceeds two thousand three hundred miles.

Power stations serving the Interconnected System:

Coal Burning:
Bunnerong, Pyrmont, Ultimo, White Bay and Balmain (in Sydney), Zarra Street (Newcastle), Lithgow, Port Kembla, Cowra, Canberra and Yanco. "Package" Power Stations — at Port Kembla, Penrith, Liverpool and Maitland.

Diesel Generating Stations:
Kempsey, Newcastle, Sydney, Canberra and Parkes.

Hydro-Electric Stations:
Burrinjuck and Wyangala.

The generating output of these stations exceeded 850,000 kW. in the winter of 1953.

The Commission's future plans embrace extensive additions to the Sydney Metropolitan stations, three new major thermal stations at Lake Macquarie, Tallawarra on Lake Illawarra, and Wallerawang near Lithgow, which will add 630,000 kW. to generating output, and a 50,000 kW. hydro-electric station at the Hume Dam on the River Murray, the output of which will be shared with Victoria.

This and other advertisements concerning the extent and activities of

The Electricity Commission of N.S.W.

are being published in order that the manner in which the Commission serves the people of this State may be more clearly understood.

Academic centre in a lovely country setting

QUIET SPOT in the University gardens is found by medical students Max Thorpe (left) and Tah Peng Kee for their studies. Tah Peng Kee comes from Johore, Malaya.

STUDENTS at work in the Dixson Library, which is stocked with 20,000 books. Well lit and centrally heated, the library is always crowded as the examinations approach.

JOSE, a pet kangaroo in the grounds of New England University, is fed with tasty titbits by Margaret Gardner and Ross Harvey during a break between lectures.

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NEW UNIVERSITY STEPS OUT

RUNNING LATE. Students who live in hostels in Armidale make a last-minute dash for the bus which takes them to the University, three miles away, for breakfast each morning. Male students often finish shaving in front of the bus mirror.

"BOOLOOMINBAH," once a homestead and now the main building at the New England University, overlooks the cathedral city of Armidale from a hilltop position. The annual graduation ceremony is held on the lawns which surround the University buildings.

Outdoor ceremony in grounds planned for inauguration

This year a group of students in Armidale, northern New South Wales, will take part in a historic ceremony when they become the first graduates of New England University.

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

THE University, established at the beginning of this year, is the first in Australia to be situated outside a capital city.

It has the right to create its own professors, to draw up courses, and to confer degrees.

From its foundation in 1938 until this year, the University was known as the New England University College.

It was under the jurisdiction of the University of Sydney, which set courses and examinations, appointed full-time members of the teaching staff and the senior administration staff.

Students of the college graduated as Bachelors of Arts or Bachelors of Science of the University of Sydney.

The University's first vice-chancellor is Dr. Robert Madgwick, M.Ec., D.Phil., who became warden in 1947 after serving during the war as Director of Army Education.

The New England University, just three miles out of Armidale, is approached by a straight avenue lined with elms and pines.

Old homestead

THE main building, "Booloominbah," once an old homestead, is surrounded by lawns and rose gardens. Its walls are mellow with Virginia creeper and wistaria.

On the lawns, once a year, the graduation ceremony takes place.

The inauguration ceremony of the new university is expected to take place in April, 1954.

A member of the University staff, Dr. James Belshaw, senior lecturer in charge of Economics and History, visualised the scene.

"It will be a wonderful sight," he told me. "You can imagine the color of the academic robes against the background of lawns and trees.

"We've always had sunshine for outdoor graduations. So, with luck, it will be the same for the inauguration."

A shy, quietly humorous man, Dr. Belshaw has been at the college since it began.

"You should have seen it then," he said, leaning across the top of his wide and tidy desk.

"When lectures began in March, 1938, there were 24 students. We had no library and no books. Lecturers brought their own books along.

"Carpenters were still sawing away in the lecture-rooms. There were piles of sand in the passages. One of the lecture-rooms was the old billiard-room.

"Now our library has 20,000 volumes for the 246 students. Two extra buildings, the Booth and Belshaw blocks, contain lecture - rooms and laboratories.

"And all the students are residents, either in huts out here or in at Armidale," he said.

Most students live in eight houses at Armidale, where buses call before breakfast to collect them for the ride up to the University.

Bus drivers are used to seeing unpunctual male and female students flying out of the gates, and to the rush-dressing of young men who struggle into shirts, collars, ties, and gowns at the back of the bus.

There have even been times when male undergraduates have finished shaving in front of the bus mirror.

On arrival at the University, students go immediately to the dining-room, where all three meals of the day are eaten.

Waitresses and, in some cases, male students serve plates of porridge, as well as the eggs, bacon, and milk which come from the University farm two miles away.

Miss Madge Brown, the household administrator, whose wartime service as matron of the Wangaella and matron with the 2/14 A.G.H. in Malaya equipped her for her task, estimates that students drink 33 gallons of milk a day and eat 240 dozen eggs a week.

In the offices of the Students' Representative Council the 19-year-old president, Harry Blevin (Science III), told me about the many students' clubs.

Many societies

ON the cultural side are the French Society, the Philomuse (music and arts), and the Arts Society, which prints its own magazine, "Neuma."

There are also religious societies, political groups, and a dramatic society.

Sports clubs include football, cricket, hockey, and tennis.

The University newspaper "Neucleus," appearing each month, ventilates student opinion and comment.

At the beginning of each academic year an Orientation Week is held to introduce freshers.

At the end of this week freshers and senior students give picnics and barbecues at the favorite spots of Blue Hole, Gara River, and Pine Forest. They also hold a regular dance.

Throughout the year the Registrar, Mr. William Robb, gets to know the students until, by the final term, there is not one whom he cannot name.

In this the New England University has a head start on the older universities, whose numbers have increased so much.

As the average age of first-year students is 16, Mr. Robb recently instituted a student adviser system, by which staff members are each allotted up to eight students who may call upon them for advice.

"When I was overseas recently on a Carnegie Fellowship," said Mr. Robb, "I saw systems such as this one operating at Oxford, where you have a moral tutor, and at the all-negro Fisk University in the United States.

"There is no compulsion about the scheme as it operates here. The student simply knows that advice will be willingly given if required.

"Staff members have given help on problems of work, money, and even emotions!" he added.

In common with heads of the two Faculties, Mr. Robb thinks that the system of residence and the rule that gowns shall be worn at lectures and meals make for a corporate feeling in student life.

"Take a student in one of the big cities who may live 20 miles away from the university," Mr. Robb explained. "His spare time will be spent travelling to and fro and studying, and very often he will not find time to join many societies or to make many friends.

"It's different here, where in every hostel at night you'll see students sitting round the fire at supper-time, thrashing out the old problems and setting the world to rights," he said.

POPULAR MEETING PLACE after lunch is the Union Room. Here, students talk, smoke, play bridge, or listen to the gramophone until it is time for the next lecture. Wearing of gowns to lectures and meals is the rule at Armidale.

AT WORK in the zoology laboratory in the Booth block is science student Maryna Willkes, of Taree. The University plans to add Animal Husbandry and Agricultural Economics to the present faculties of Arts and Science.

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Melt the shortening and turn it into a large mixing basin. Add all other ingredients. Beat hard for three minutes. Bake in a square well-greased cake tin with a sheet of buttered paper at the bottom to prevent sticking. Place in a well-heated oven and bake at a moderate temperature. When cold, cut the cake into square blocks and dip each block into a saucepan of warm, very thin icing—chocolate or orange or lemon. Roll immediately in desiccated coconut which has been baked golden brown in a slow oven.

MUMS APPLE SNOW DELIGHT

1 packet MUMS Fruit Jelly Crystals (Lime Fruit or Lemon)
½ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup hot water
½ cup cold water
2 egg whites
1 large red apple (tart)
1 tablespoon lemon juice

Dissolve MUMS Jelly Crystals, sugar and salt in hot water. Stir thoroughly. Add cold water; chill until mixture begins to thicken. Grate unpeeled apple; pour on lemon juice. Add to thick jelly and whip until frothy. Add stiffly beaten egg whites. Continue to beat until mixture holds its shape. Pile in glasses or moulds. Chill and serve with MUMS Pure Vanilla Custard sauce (thick). Serves 8.

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They've joined Stratford Players

Seven Australians in famous company

No fewer than seven Australians have joined the famous Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company for its 1954 season at Stratford-upon-Avon, England.

Among these seven are four newcomers who were discovered by the company during its Australia-wide tour last year. They were given cash grants to enable them to come to England and try their luck at auditions.

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

FRANK WATERS

KEITH MICHELL

THEY came, tried their luck, and won their way into the cast of the theatre which is recognised the world over as "the home of Shakespeare."

Heading the Australians at Stratford-upon-Avon this year are Leo McKern and Keith Michell. Both are returning to Stratford with their prestige enormously enhanced by their acting successes with the company on its Australian tour.

RON HADDRICK

For the established Australian actors who will form a colony within the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Company this year, the privilege of playing a season there is a costly one.

Most of them will gladly be taking large salary cuts.

Leading actor Frank Waters, for example, was invited to join the company when its chief, Anthony Quayle, saw his performance as Willy Loman in the stage play "Death of a Salesman" at the Independent Theatre, North Sydney.

Waters, who earned an excellent living playing top roles in radio drama and on the stage, cheerfully gave up a career which could be estimated to net him a steady £50 a week. Instead, he is taking his chances of feature roles with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at a salary which—although he keeps quiet about it—it probably less than a third of this.

But, to emphasise his intention to stay, Waters has brought his wife, Elaine, and their two daughters with him to England.

In between seeing the sights of London and hunting for accommodation in Stratford, he has been nursing his family through a mass attack of influenza.

It's an inauspicious beginning, but Frank grinned and said, "I had often wanted to try my luck in England, and this is probably the best way to do it. It's far better than coming over here on 'spec.'

"A series of Shakespearian roles might give me the launching one needs here.

"Until now, the opportunity of doing Shakespeare has not come my way, and I've always wanted to do it."

Australian actor Raymond Sherry will soon be returning from Europe for the new season at Stratford-upon-Avon, too.

Manager Patrick Donnell said: "This will be Raymond's third year with us. Right now he is with our company which is touring Europe.

"I saw Sherry working in London about two years ago. We gave him an audition and he's been with us ever since."

The two newest recruits to Stratford are Kevin Miles, from Melbourne, and Ron Haddrick, from Adelaide.

Haddrick, a well-known South Australian cricketer who has played in Sheffield Shield and against the South Africans, was discovered on radio.

He is tall, dark, and, at 24, already has a long list of leading dramatic parts in radio to his credit, most recent of which have been as Commander Stanford in "Morning Departure" and as Simon Challoner in the serial "Forever To Remain."

It's the magnet of learning and experience, not any hope of a lavish living, that has persuaded these Australians to drop their careers at home on stage and in radio and has drawn them on a 13,000 mile pilgrimage to the home of Shakespeare for a season or more.

Kevin Miles, for example, was spotted by Patrick Donnell in the cast of "To Dorothy, A Son" at the Princess Theatre in Melbourne.

Miles, well-built, fair-haired, only 23, was at the beginning of his career when he was offered an audition, passed, and took the trip to England.

Here he passed again, and is modestly bewildered by it.

Latest Australian to arrive in Stratford is Hal Rogers, who has left the John Alden Company to join the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre as assistant stage manager.

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Autumn Fashions

● ***Both of these extremes in silhouette are quite correct for autumn. One, slender, willowy, and unbelted, is by Jacques Fath. The other is Christian Dior's sensational barrel silhouette.***

THE major reviver in fashion is Dior's shorter skirtline. In some cases the designer chopped his skirts off six inches shorter than those he showed in his previous collection.

The day Dior launched the barrel coat and other equally extreme models, Paris newspapers claimed he was abolishing corsets. This was not so. Dior mannequins all wore flexible unboned elastic girdles and cup bras.

Fath's slender day dress, closely fitted to the body with a high bosom line, is shapely and smart. To be worn with chic, the silhouette requires a naturally slender figure or an artful illusion of one —middle and midriff must be flat.

Fath's girls who modelled the slim-line dresses wore high-waisted elastic girdles and inflatable bras.

Between these two extremes are Balenciaga's easy, straight coat-line and his close-waisted suit and Griffe's Directoire evening line, falling slim to the floor, banded under the bosom with ribbon.

Other notes from Paris include the wonderful white chiffon evening gowns which are worn cloaked in voluminous and colorful coats; the little daytime greatcoat, three-quarter length, made in fur or cloth; tiny hats to crown short-cut coiffures; lace in fragile colors, and tweed.

The couture is unanimous about tweed. From the town suit to the little dinner dress, tweed is the fabric most often used.

A new Parisian elegance is shoes. Even classic shapes look entirely new, and the changes are easy to see — tapered toes and trimmed-down heels.

At night shoes are lean and delicate. They are made in velvet, satin, brocade, and are sure to be jewelled.

There are no very new color surprises. Brown is chic, and more so combined with black. Dior's soft misty-blue (in tweed) is enchanting — so is a glowing ruby-red. Black-and-white continues.

Paris is still wearing pink — a rose in the hair (e.g., Balenciaga's coif of rosebud-pink satin), earrings of coral, a necklace of bright rosy beads, or the warm prettiness of rose velvet.

by Betty Keep

● *Dior likens the silhouette of his barrel-shape coat (left) to the domes of Paris. The wide band treatment at hipline accentuates the excessive width of the coat. Note the narrow toque worn forward on the brow to show the sides and back of the hair.*

● *Fath's arresting one-piece (above) made in fine ruby-red wool. The design is beltless, with softness across the bosom and prolonged body-line smoothness. Black suede gloves of classic cut are matched to medium-heeled shoes with new pointed toes.*

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In Paris...

JEAN BARTHET'S enchanting evening fantasy (above), a white swan toque trimmed centre-front with a single red rose. The hat has a matching muff. Earrings are by de Givenchy. Some of the smartest fashion news is told in jewellery.

SIMONE CANGE typified the new Paris line for autumn (above) with this tiny evening cap in furry white melusine felt, scallop-edged with hand-woven gold-and-silver braid.

MAUD ET NANO'S velour pill box (right) has all-over embroidery done in silver and gold thread. The hat is worn with a face-covering veil. The hoop earrings are by Schiaparelli.

PAULETTE'S petal-shaped evening cap (above), made in rose satin and finished with a silk rose and green leaves. Like numbers of Paris hats, the model is designed to show the coiffure. The white fox cape is a fur revival in Paris.

Why are you so irritable?

"Am I? I thought it was you! I suppose it is because we are both feeling nervy and run-down. The last few months have been very trying one way and another."

"*Not only that, but it looks as though we are beginning to feel our age. We mustn't forget that it is quite a few years since we revolved that we should never see forty again.*"

"Over forty! Why didn't I think of it before—Phyllosan! Remember how much good Phyllosan tablets did us during the war years?"

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Hats... Small & Elegant

● The milliners of Paris have pared down autumn hats to chic little shapes designed to complement a short-cut coiffure. The hats are worn in a new way to expose the hair becomingly—at the sides, back, and often the hairline.

● Claude St. Cyr's dark green velour cloche (above) draped all over with matching fine silk jersey. Note amusing feather pompon trim at back.

● Balenciaga's enchanting late-day tambourine hat (left) made in swathed white tulle with a swansdown "puff" perched high at one side.

● Gilbert Orcel's pixie cap (below) made in a new rose-red, satiny-textured velour. The cap is embroidered in gold braid and colored stones and is worn well back from the hairline, exposing a new, forward-brushed coiffure.

● Rose Valois' becoming, wide-at-the-sides black felt bonnet (above). The model is given further width by clusters of shiny black cock feathers posed over each ear. A hat for furs.

● Two large, glittering fake diamond roses are worn on the side of the chignon cap (top, above). The cap, designed for late-day, is draped like a rose and made in rose-pink satin.

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Autumn Fashions

By Day...

● *Madeleine de Rauch's black wool suit (above) has a straight column of a skirt and a jacket which is given a Japanese touch by a black taffeta sash threaded through the front and bow-tied at the back.*

● *Maggy Rouff's straight unbelted coat (left) is made in dark brown speckled tweed and worn with a small matching hat. The coat has high-set breast pockets and concealed front fastenings.*

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New Shapes in Coats and Suits

● The daytime fashion news is the silhouette. For suits a waist can be high, low, or where nature meant it to be. Coats are mainly unbelted and hang straight from the shoulders in heavy materials.

● *Schiaparelli's camel-hair little greatcoat (above) in the new three-quarter length. The coat illustrates the designer's dropped shoulder-line.*

● *Hubert de Givenchy's stone-white woollen coat (above) is worn with a small white velour hat and white gloves. The coat, designed on straight lines, has a short tab fastening, a rounded shoulder-line, shawl collar, and the pockets finished with flaps.*

● *Balenciaga's black-and-white tweed suit (above) has a straight-cut skirt, jacket designed with a slightly bloused back, three-quarter sleeves, and the new low belt-line.*

● *Fabiani's beautifully detailed classic suit (left) is made in charcoal-grey flannel. The jacket is waisted, the skirt flared. A pale yellow blouse adds a flash of color.*

● *Balenciaga's straight-cut coat (right) made in caramel-colored velour cloth. It is finished with a shawl collar of black seal matched to the "tamborine" hat.*

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Inserted by The Australian Wool Bureau

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THE MOULDED WOOL DRESS

The key daytime dress for autumn is slender, often beltless, and moulded to the figure. Accessory news – the fur muff.

JACQUES FATH'S new slender-line dress (left) emphasises the bust and keeps the midriff flat and the waist slim. The dress is tweed and is worn with a black fur cravat and muff.

CHRISTIAN DIOR chooses tweed, the material most used by day in Paris, for the model above. The design is discreet, the color the new dark chestnut-brown; hat, gloves, and shoes are black. Note soft pleats giving fullness over the bosom. This length, 16in. from the ground, is usual for slender skirts in the Dior fashion house.

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S black V-necked face-cloth dress (above) has a double martingale fastening in front, one high, one low, and bosom fullness made by soft pleats.

CHRISTIAN DIOR'S princess-line dress (above) is designed to mould the figure. The dress, made in soft brown wool, has short puff sleeves and is front buttoned.

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Mary Hordern's

● **Paris likes two evening silhouettes. One is classically draped in fragile materials, the figure often elongated by clever placings of ribbons. The other line is "carved," smooth, and cut with true simplicity in heavier-textured fabrics.**

● Givenchy's strapless model (above) made in flame-red taffeta. The material is twisted at the waist to billow into intricate skirt fullness.

● Dior's classically draped model in yellow chiffon (above) has grey velvet ribbon intertwined in the bodice and falling to the hem.

● Jacques Fath's superb lace frock (above) has a strapless bodice and matching bolero tied below the bosom with velvet ribbon. Enormous petals of lace form the entire skirt.

● Germaine Lecomte's column of pink jersey (right) has a narrowly draped bodice finished with a minute cape. Two wide skirt panels float gracefully to the floor.

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Paris Notes.

● Fur - patterned faille is used for the model which again shows the "carved" silhouette. The waistline is smoothly fitted, with a black satin "priest" belt.

● Fath typifies the new "carved" silhouette in this strapless model (above). The frock, made in white lace over heavy faille, is worn with lavish jewels.

● Fath chooses rich bronze for this Empire-line frock (left). Black ribbon ties under the bosom and gives graceful length to the silhouette. Fur circles the shoulders.

Dorothea Johnston

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DRESS SENSE

Incoming autumn fashions . . . The slender tweed day dress . . . The new Paris coats . . . The narrowing evening silhouette . . . The importance of fur . . . The fashion for lace . . . The pretty petticoat . . . Hosiery news . . .

FOR autumn, the newest daytime dress, the one to wear all day, is softest, finest tweed. It can be beltless or belted importantly, and it is nearly always slender with a slightly rounded bodice-top and emphasis on the bosom. A typical example is illustrated at right.

Note the "priest" belt in contrasting material and the pockets placed high on the bodice to round and flatter the bustline.

A paper pattern for the design is obtainable in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. The lines under the illustration give details of how and where to order.

by

Betty Keep

DS75.—Grey tweed daytime dress with a "priest" belt in contrasting ribbon. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material, 3yds. 4in. faille ribbon, plus ½yd. 36in. stiff interlining for the belt. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

PARIS coats are worth reporting. Dior's barrel coat (see page 17) is so dramatic in cut that few women would be tempted to wear it. Many non-exaggerated designs are cut with a new straight-falling fullness. Numbers are made in tweed, some fur-lined.

Short coats, below-hip and three-quarter length, make a new kind of costume worn with the slender-line daytime dresses. Evening coats are to the floor. Many are made in superb velvet.

DIOR'S shortening of the hemline has focused attention on legs and stockings. Interesting hosiery news from the U.S.A. is of a patterned nylon so sheer that the stocking is almost invisible on the leg.

There are nylons patterned to look like tweed to wear with tweed, a lacy-patterned nylon to wear with formal clothes. Color news: For day, black stockings worn with black and brown with brown.

THE pretty petticoat—lacy and newly slender, slit at the side for easy walking, or made wide swirling and rustling—is designed with new imagination. Some are frilled in tiers (always smooth over the hipline), others have a ribbon-threaded flounce. The slim are often scalloped and edged with lace. A dashing new color combine for lingerie is rose and black.

Lace is high fashion. There are short-skirted lace dresses for cocktails and the theatre and wonderful lace bouffants for the ballroom. Lace is often in a color, rose-blond, lemon-yellow, and azure-blue, and even newer is white lace over a deep glowing shade such as midnight-blue or ruby-red.

FURS in New York and Paris have never been more newsy or lovely. It is the season when a small fur piece can be just as fashionable and chic as a fur greatcoat. For instance, Balenciaga designs an enchanting tambourine hat in gold mink and trims it with a pretty pink rose. Maximilian takes two skins of sable and fashions them into a fat, round boa.

Fur fill-ins at the neckline

of suits and dresses, mink collars on dinner costumes, fur muffs, fur cuffs, and fur handbags are all in the picture. In fact, some fur accent, however small, is incorporated into almost every American and French winter fashion.

IN Paris the best jewel by far is jet. Dior uses it with rhinestones, crystals, and pearls, and plays it up as a trim circling a black velvet tambourine beret.

IN the news is a narrowing evening silhouette. There are numbers of beautifully simplified long satin or faille dresses, their line narrow with a hint of back-slung fullness.

All Paris designers do the Directoire-line chiffon evening gown perfectly. The bare bouffant ball gown still continues, but the new vintage shows a marked lessening of glittering embroidery or beads. Fur or ribbons are the newest trim.

In direct contrast to these evening dresses is Dior's series of bustle dresses—street length (16in. from the ground), bare topped, and often worn with a close-hugging matching cape.

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DISTANT LADY

A vital and appealing romance by Mary Bell

FRISKY WELLS hovered on the steps of Associated Airways Building. Female passers-by in the under-forty age group and a few of the better-preserved forty-pluses eyed his six feet four of racing body appreciatively.

The more imaginative of the ladies observed what a displaced person this sun-darkened, crop-headed character looked, framed there in the august but synthetic granite columns of the Associated entrance.

Leaning on an axe, or at the wheel of a lugger bawling at a native crew—belong he might. On business bent in any of the discreet office-suites housed in the A.A. Building—no. And how right those girls were!

Frisky twitched at his collar with the pent-up despair of a man who hasn't appeared publicly these many moons in anything more formal than a T-shirt. Funny how a bit of poplin could develop the personality of saddle leather inside a couple of hours. He patted the collar with finality, stopped hovering on the top step, and made for the lifts.

This interview shouldn't take long, anyhow. Pop Thatcher would make his proposition; he'd take it or leave it, according to how foxy he figured Thatcher was being this sunny winter day, then he could dash straight back to the studio and take the collar off. It should be an interesting meeting. Let's see, how would it go?

Well, how did an interview go with your ex-boss after you'd chalked up an eight-year absence? Th tcher hadn't been really cordial when Frisky had passed up the joys of existence as Assistant Art Director at Thatcher Advertising Ltd. for the somewhat variable life-expectancy of a fighter-pilot, back in 1940.

Nor was Thatcher's goodwill toward man, as represented by Frisky, boosted any when the then Squadron-Leader Francis Wells won himself a travelling art scholarship during his last months in England, and lit out for Paris and points north, east, and south as soon as the R.A.A.F. was through with him.

Yet Frisky'd only been back in Sydney long enough to find himself a studio when Thatcher's telegram had found him. "Wish to discuss future for you," it began, terse and paternal-like.

Paternal like Pappa Barrett summoning Elizabeth B. Browning for a man-to-man chat in the Wimpole Street parlor. "Call midday Thursday," it finished, authoritative, specific as any document the Thatcher signature affixed itself to.

Oh, well, thought Frisky, I've nothing to lose. As they say in the B class movies, I need the dough. I've had three years of Paris, of Italy, of Southern Germany, of Spain, and Cote D'Azur, and the place of my heart, St. Christophe. And I've had my scholarship grant and my deferred pay and I'm broke. That last week in Paris and that redhead in London fixed that.

Darned lucky to be able to work a passage back that way, so I can't winge now about soiling my hands with a little commercial art. Besides, working steady for Thatcher is probably the quickest way to get back to St. Christophe with enough in an old sock to get Jacques Villiers, the St. Christophe builder, to work on that sandstone villa on the cliff.

Ah, lovely, peaceful St. Christophe, of the sunshine-like dry wine and the dry wine-like sunshine, of the sunny, wine-bibbing folks who laughed so readily, hurried so reluctantly. Free, peaceful life was there for the living on that Mediterranean cliffside: life unscheduled and casual as the rope sandals you wore, real and honest as the people of the village who'd taken you to their friendly hearts and pretended not to notice that you spoke their language like a bad music-hall turn.

Proposition me, Thatcher, and then St. Christophe, here I come! And Sydney — there I'll go, you beautiful, blase, busy beehive city—out of your clutches for good.

The lift stopped. Not so that you noticed it, but smoothly. Everything about Thatcher Advertising Ltd., and Thatcher himself, was always smooth—the old irk Frisky had always felt for the syncopated life in an advertising agency rose in his mouth like a sour taste. He swallowed hard and quick, and told himself to lay off the cheap dramatics.

A fellow who's had three years' liberty to dabble in fine art can't go round playing the young Michelangelo once he's back in Sydney, and all but broke. Free-lancing would be fine, but he'd been out of circulation a long time — and wouldn't it be nice for Pop Thatcher to pay the rent again, with maybe a bit over for the "Back to St. Christophe" fund?

The foyer of the Thatcher suite was all honey-toned maple panelling, flattered by concealed lighting like a woman at a candle-lit table. Swiftly Frisky raised his reserve price for his services. Thatcher's turnover couldn't be falling off if he kept up a front like this.

The inevitable blonde receptionist gave him the retractable smile advertising agency receptionists give all callers until they have been identified as important clients, newspaper representatives, or out-of-work artists. Frisky was businesslike. The briskness of his tones was a credit to a bloke who hadn't put foot in an office these past three years.

"I've an appointment with Mr. Thatcher at twelve. The name's Wells."

The blonde gave him the full barrage of her doe-eyes, proving that it takes more than heavy mascara to keep a good eyelash from fluttering. Hawk-visaged types with shoulders that need no upholstering, like Frisky, are used to that treatment from blondes, but what she said at least proved the Wells interview had had some advance publicity.

"Oh, Mr. Wells! Take the first corridor, second door to your right, and Mr. Thatcher's secretary will take care of you."

Frisky thanked her absently. More than one corridor of offices, eh? The reserves price went up again like a tote figure.

J. W. Thatcher's swivel chair creaked as cordially as he did hoisting himself out of it to greet Frisky. The Thatcher person was a walking clipping book of his frequent world tours. Savile Row tailoring draped itself in diplomatic relations with a nylon shirt and hand-painted tide he'd picked up in New York; hand-made shoes reminded you in gentle undertones that he'd had a month in Italy last time he was away.

On the whole the eight years hadn't changed J.W. much, unless they'd filed his incredibly sharp nose to a finer point, and creased the heavy lids over those knowing, gun-grey eyes. Maybe he stooped a little more now, too, in that characteristic walk, with hands clasped behind and Jack Frost profile thrust forward.

More like a cunning old-man Kiwi than ever, thought Frisky, as J.W. crossed his richly carpeted floor, raising the shutters of his eyes and beaming down the acute angles of his nose.

"Francis, my boy! Glad to see you!"

Frisky gave the old man credit marks for not wincing as his well-manicured hand tangled with his own heavily calloused paw.

"'Fraid I'm not so glad to be back, boss, but you know how it is . . . sterling reserves and all that."

Down went J.W.'s shutters; up went the thin underlip in retreat under its top partner. Any time coin

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Victoria pointed to the work in front of Frisky and said in her cool voice, "Now, Mr. Wells, what did you want to check with me?"

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

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DESTROY

92% OF DENTAL DECAY GERMS!

CLEAN

YOUR TEETH TO NEW WHITENESS!

SWEETEN

YOUR BREATH INSTANTLY!

WITH

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

92% of DENTAL DECAY GERMS DESTROYED! Tests by famous North American and European Universities prove that one brushing with Kolynos Dental Cream destroys up to 92% of dental decay bacteria in the mouth.

SWEETENS BREATH — INSTANTLY! Kolynos cleans and polishes with every stroke of your toothbrush. Keeps your whole mouth clean and fresh for hours. Your teeth sparkle with new whiteness.

PLUS! ANTI-ENZYME ACTION!

GREATER PROTECTION FROM DENTAL DECAY ACIDS

It sounds almost too good to be true—but years of research have proved it! Now those enzymes which turn starches and sugars into dental decay acids can be stopped! Now! Kolynos Dental Cream contains a special anti-enzyme ingredient which protects your teeth from these acids. This wonderful new *kind* of protection is effective from the first moment you start brushing your teeth after a meal. Those acids don't have a chance to get started on their destructive work!

KOLYNOS

DENTAL CREAM

Fifth instalment of a six-part serial

By GEORGETTE HEYER

DETECTION UNLIMITED

INSPECTOR HARBOTTLE was eyeing his chief interestedly. "What did Gavin Plenmeller say about this man Nenthall?" he asked.

"He said that Warrenby once asked Lindale if the name conveyed anything to him, and that it obviously conveyed a lot more than he liked — though he denied it. Which may, or may not, be true. What I'm sure of is that Mrs. Midgeholme was right when she said there was something fishy about the Lindale set-up. There is. She's scared white, and he's playing every ball sent down to him with a dead bat. They've got something they're desperately anxious I shan't find out. So has the squire—but I think I know what that is. This is a nice case, Horace."

"I don't see it, sir."

"No, and you never will, because you're not interested in psychology."

The inspector, knowing his chief's foibles, looked at him with deep foreboding, but Hemingway did not pursue his favorite study.

"I don't know when I've had so many possibles to choose from," he said. "It's to be hoped I don't lose my bearings amongst them. There are three with motives that stand out a mile: the dead man's niece, who inherits his money; her glamor-boy, who says he never thought of marrying her, which I take to be a highly mendacious statement; and old Drybeck, who's been losing ground to Warrenby for years and may — if my guess is correct—have been standing in danger of being discovered by him to have made a mess of some trust. Those are what you might call the hot suspects. After them I've got the questionables, headed by the squire. I think he was being blackmailed by Warrenby."

"The squire?" said Harbottle sceptically. "Blackmailed for what?"

"Committing waste. No, I know you don't know what that is, but it doesn't matter: it's a civil offence, and though it could easily land him in a packet of trouble it isn't a thing that concerns the police. I'll explain it to you presently, but don't keep on interrupting me! As I say, there's him, which makes four—and we shall have to include his wife, though I can't say I fancy her much, so that's five. Next, we've got the Lindales. Either could have done it; he's the type who would, given a sufficient motive. That tots up to four in the questionable class. Seven altogether."

"Are you leaving out Plenmeller?" demanded Harbottle.

"Certainly not: I'm putting him at the head of the third class—those that might have done it but who don't seem to have had any reason to have done it. Three of them. Plenmeller, easily capable of murder; Haswell, a dark horse—"

"He had an alibi, sir!"

"Not the young man: his father. I met him today, with the vicar, and he's one of those cool, level-headed customers who say just about as little as they need. Carsethorn verified that he did go to some place or other fifteen miles from Thornden on Saturday afternoon, but we've only got his word for it that he didn't get home till eight because he stopped at his office in Bellingham on his way to polish off some job he had on hand. They close at midday on Saturdays, so there was no one there to corroborate his story."

"What about the vicar?" asked Harbottle. "He could have reached Fox House by way of his own meadow."

"If the vicar did it, I'm not fit to direct traffic, let alone conduct an investigation into a case of murder! The only other possible—unless you have a fancy for Mrs. Midgeholme, because Warrenby kicked one of her dogs—is Reg."

"Who is he?"

"I haven't met him yet, but I've got reasons to think he may have been cavorting about the common with the vicar's gun on Saturday. He's a very unlikely suspect, but I'm including him because he's got that rifle hidden away somewhere. I've left orders he's to bring it in to us tomorrow on his way to work. From what I've seen of his family, I should say he would. If he doesn't, you can go and pull him in. All told, that makes nine people—but I admit I don't fancy some of them."

"You've forgotten the major," said Harbottle dryly.

"I'm keeping him up my sleeve in case all else fails," retorted Hemingway, gathering the papers on the desk into a pile and tying them up. "Come on! We've done enough for today."

"Are you asking for an adjournment tomorrow, sir? Who is going to preside at the inquest?"

"Fellow from Hawkshead. The Chief Constable tells me he's all right, but one of those chatty old boys that like to go into all the irrelevant details, so I daresay we shall waste the better part of the morning on the job. However, there's not much I can do till I hear from Hinckley again. "Come on!".

ON the following morning Hemingway was greeted by the news, when he walked into the police station, that young Ditchling had arrived there ten minutes earlier and was awaiting his pleasure.

"Did he bring in that rifle?" asked Hemingway.

"Yes, sir. Sergeant Knarsdale has it."

"All right. Know anything about this lad?"

"No, sir—nothing against him, that is. It's a very respectable family. All in steady jobs, and none of them been in any kind of trouble. This kid's just over sixteen. Works at Ockley's Stores, and is well spoken of by the boss. But I'd say he's pretty scared."

"Fancy that!" marvelled Hemingway. "Send him in to me!"

The youth who was presently ushered into the small office was a shockheaded boy with a slightly pimpled countenance and the rather clumsy limbs of the rapidly growing adolescent. He entered the room with every evidence of reluctance, and remained just inside it, staring at the Chief Inspector out of a pair of round, serious eyes, and tightly gripping a trilby hat before him.

Hemingway looked him over. "So you're Reg Ditchling, are you?" he said.

"Yes, sir," acknowledged Reg, with a gulp.

"All right. Come and sit down in that chair and tell me what you mean by not giving his gun back to Mr. Cliburn!"

This command was uttered in quite a friendly tone, but it was apparent that Reg saw the prison gates yawning wide before him. He shrinkingly approached the chair in front of the desk and sat down on the extreme edge of it, but the power of speech seemed to have deserted him.

"Come on!" said Hemingway kindly. "I'm not going to eat you. Where was the rifle? Did you have it in that shed I saw?"

"Ted put it there 'cos of Alfie, sir."

"Well, that was a sensible thing to do at all events. Was the shed locked every day?"

"Yessir."

"Where do you keep the key?"

"Ted and me had a place for it the others don't know about, sir, so as Claud and Alfie couldn't get in and monkey with the tools when we wasn't there."

"Well, where was this place?"

Reg twisted his hat round and round between his hands. "Ted and me put tarred felt over the roof to keep the rain out, sir. There's a place where you can slip the key underneath it."

Hemingway's brows snapped together. "Is that where you always put the key?"

"Yessir," said Reg nervously. "Nobody knows about it, 'cept Ted and me—honest, sir!"

Hemingway said nothing for a moment, visualising the row of cottages from the upper back windows of which, he judged, a sufficiently good view could be obtained of the line of narrow gardens. Reg swallowed convulsively, and went on twisting his hat.

"Now, look here, my lad!" said Hemingway. "I'm not going to ask you why you didn't do what your brother told you and take that rifle back to Mr. Cliburn, because I know why you didn't. Nor am I going to tell you that you've been breaking the law by having in your possession a gun without a firearms licence, because I've no doubt Constable Hobkirk's already torn you off the strip."

"Yessir," acknowledged the culprit, with a sickly smile. "I'm very sorry, sir."

"Well, see you don't do it again! You answer what I am going to ask you truthfully and very likely you'll hear no more about it. Did you have that rifle out on the common on Saturday?"

"Yessir, but, honest, I never shot the gentleman!" said Reg, sweating a little.

"What did you shoot?"

"Nothing, sir! It was only target practice, like Ted told me I ought to do. It was Ted learnt me to shoot, and I only went out with him the three times. And then he got his call-up papers, and he said to take the rifle back to the Reverend, and honest, I meant to! Only there was some cartridges left, and I thought if I was to use them for practice the Reverend wouldn't mind, and I could take the rifle back on Sunday."

"Well, why didn't you?"

"It—it was all over the village Mr. Warrenby had been shot."

"Had the wind up, eh?"

"Well, I—well, sir—"

"Because," pursued Hemingway relentlessly, "this target practice of yours was quite close to Fox House, wasn't it?"

"No, sir!" asserted Reg, the color rising to his face. "That's what old Mr. Bigglewade told you, but it isn't true! I went to squire's gravel pit 'cos there's no one

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CHIEF-INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY of Scotland Yard, with his assistant, INSPECTOR HARBOTTLE, is investigating the murder of solicitor SAMPSON WARRENBY in the village of Thornden.

Leading Thornden residents involved include MAVIS WARRENBY, the dead man's niece; SQUIRE and MRS. AINSTABLE; MAJOR and MRS. MIDGEHOLME; MR. AND MRS. HENRY HASWELL and their son CHARLES; cynical author GAVIN PLENMELLER; MISS PATTERDALE, who has her niece, ABIGAIL DEARHAM, staying with her; and solicitor THADDEUS DRYBECK.

Various people suspect LADISLAS, a Pole, and the stand-offish couple KENELM and DELIA LINDALE; while aged MR. BIGGLESWADE accuses young REG DITCHLING, who, Hemingway discovers, borrowed a rifle from the vicar, the REVEREND ANTHONY CLIBURN, and failed to return it.

Investigating Warrenby's affairs, Hemingway learns of a surprising transaction by the squire. He also discovers the suicide letter left by Gavin's brother Walter; and a note of the name Nenthall which Gavin mentioned. NOW READ ON:

there of a Saturday afternoon, and it's a safe place. And I brought my cards, sir, just to show you it's true what I'm telling you!"

With these words he produced from his pocket several small cardboard targets and laid them on the desk before the Chief Inspector. If they were valueless as proof that Reg had not fired the vicar's rifle in the vicinity of Fox House, they did at least convince Hemingway that only by accident could he have shot a man through the head at a range of nearly a hundred yards. There was a decided twinkle in his eye as he looked at the targets.

"What was your range?" he asked.

"Twenty-five yards, sir—about," replied Reg.

"You got quite a lot of shots on the targets, didn't you?" said Hemingway gravely.

"Yessir!" said Reg, with simple pride. "I was trying to get a good group, like Ted does. If I could practise regular, I soon would."

"Well, what you want to do is to join a rifle club, my lad, and not go practising with other people's rifles in public places," said Hemingway, handing him back his targets. "What time was it when you were in the gravel pit?"

"It would have been a bit after five when I got there, sir, and I wasn't there more n an hour, that I'll swear to, and I should say it was less, because I was back home by half-past six. And, please, sir, Mum and Edie and Claud will tell you the same, because—"

"Yes, well, if I want to check up on your story I'll ask them!" said the Chief Inspector hastily, mentally registering a resolve to depute this task to Harbottle. "What I want to know at the moment is what you did with the rifle when you got home?"

"I cleaned it, sir, like Ted showed me."

"Yes, and then?"

"I didn't do anything with it, sir, beyond wrap it up in a bit of sacking. Ted said—"

"Never mind what Ted said! Did you lock it up in the shed?"

"Well—well, no sir—not at once I didn't. I mean—I had it in the shed, but it wasn't locked, of course, 'cos I had to do a job for Mum," said Reg apologetically. "Two, really because Claud and Alfie went and broke one of the chairs, scrapping, you know, so I mended that, and then I got on with the plate-rack Ted and me was making for her."

"You mean you were in the shed yourself?"

"That's right, sir. I locked it up when Mum called me in to supper, which we had a bit late, on account of Claud not getting in till near a quarter to eight, because of the outing the Wolf Cubs had."

"So that you're quite sure no one could have got hold of the rifle?"

"Well, they couldn't, sir, not possibly! And what's more, sir, I don't see how Mr.

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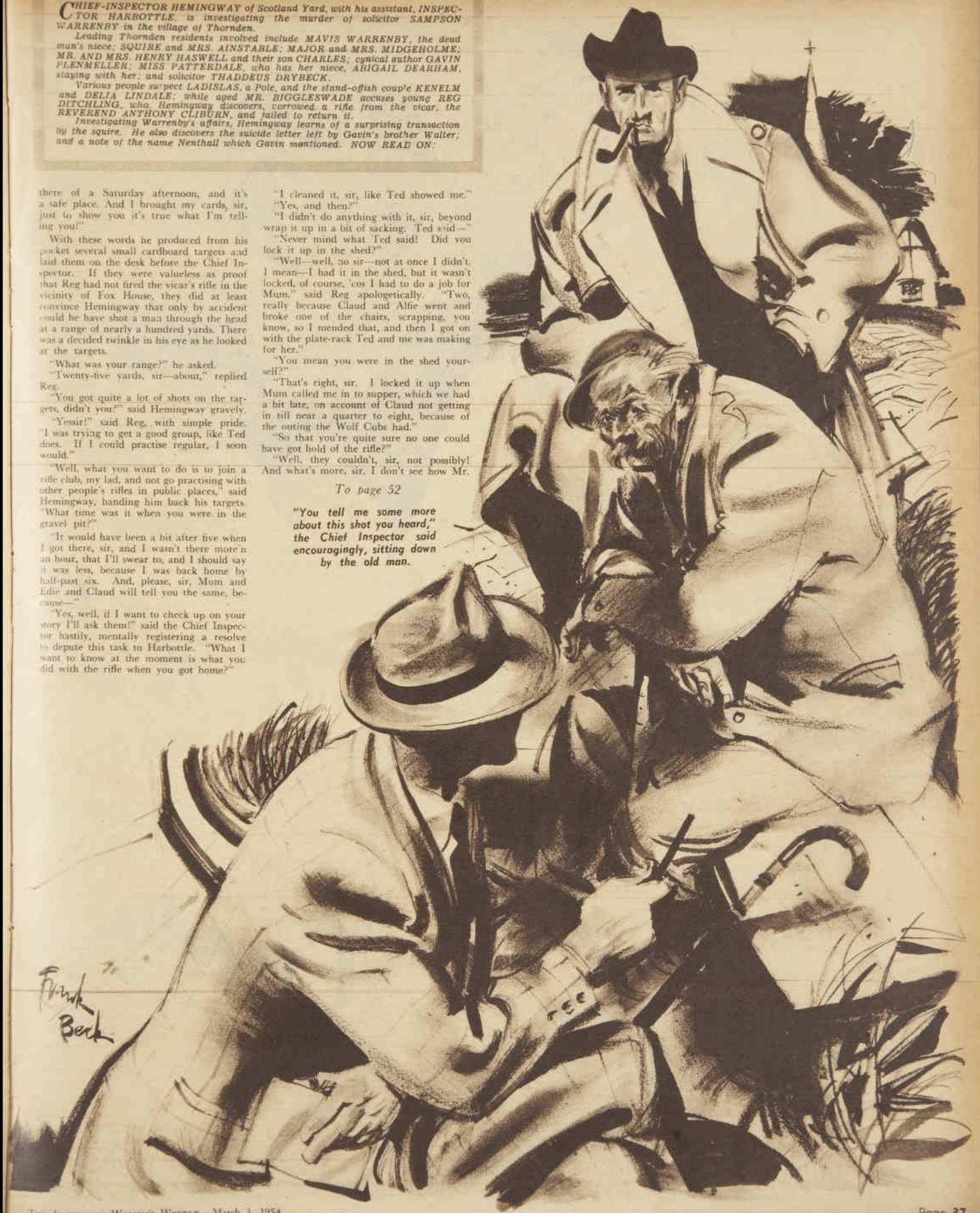

"You tell me some more about this shot you heard," the Chief Inspector said encouragingly, sitting down by the old man.

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A good tip

A good tip when you shop is to ask for materials made from Chrysella—Courtaulds wonderful new acetate yarn. The most glamorous taffetas, satins, jerseys and crepes are being made from Chrysella this season. Chrysella makes perfect swami for lingerie, too. Chrysella materials drape so gracefully . . . . resist wrinkles and last longer. You'll be delighted with their silken softness.

C O U R T A U L D S (A U S T R A L I A) L I M I T E D

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As they turned faultlessly Peter smiled down at Betsey. "It was really with you that I learnt to dance, wasn't it?" he said.

A short story complete on this page

The way it is

By RICHARD STERN

THE picture caption—it was on the social page of the paper—said, "Mr. Peter Ward, son and heir of the vast Ward shipping interests, entertained a small group of friends before the opening of the ballet last night. Pictured with Mr. Ward are . . ."

Barry Ward, who was the Ward shipping interests, examined the row of buttons on his desk and punched the one marked Betsey.

He watched her come in through the panelled door. Young, but not too young, smiling, as always, bringing with her something that was fresh and warm, friendly, companionable. Barry felt better.

He glanced again at the faces of the people grouped around Peter in the picture. He looked at Betsey. "Well?" he said.

He saw the change come into her face. "I went to the ballet."

"Did you see my son and heir?" asked Barry. "And did he see you?"

"He saw me," Betsey said. She fiddled with her notebook, thinking of Peter, remembering.

"He might even have tipped his hat, except that his hands were busy." The smile was entirely gone now.

Barry scratched his ear. "As a manager," he said, "I'm in a class by myself, way down at the bottom."

"The trouble's with your material."

"Champ," Barry said, "you've got everything. Believe me. I know. If that over-educated pup had half my perspicacity."

"That isn't fair, Barry." She paused. "It's no good."

"Nonsense. You want him, don't you?"

There was the stopper, the one she could not get around. "Bingo," she said, and even smiled a little.

"You have a way of putting your finger on the spot. It's unfair, Barry. You know me too well."

"I ought to." And then he shook his head, smiling. "There's a way," he said. "I'll find it. I'll have you in the family if I have to marry you myself." He stopped there and his eyebrows rose. "There's an idea. Go away. Let me brood."

Peter Ward came in at a little after ten. He smiled at Betsey.

"I need help," Pete said. "Last night—" He shook his head. "I think I've got it bad."

"In my day," she said, "girls liked flowers. Roses, perhaps."

"Will you doit for me?"

"Yes," Betsey said. "I'll take care of it for you."

He stood there looking down at her, smiling, trying to put it into words. "You know—"

"I think Barry wants to see you." Not gratitude, she thought; that I couldn't handle.

"All right." He said it quickly, and the relief was plain on his face.

It was almost noon when Peter came out again. He had his hat on. He said over his shoulder, "I'll be at the University Club."

"I'll remember," Betsey said. And then the buzzer sounded on her desk.

Barry was leaning back in his chair. "Shut the door, champ. We're going to conspire, you and I."

. . . . . .

The restaurant Barry took her to that evening was smallish and quiet and not excessively lighted. On the orchestra stand the piano player worked softly at the keys.

"They call it atmosphere," Barry said. His voice was quiet; it reached no farther than Betsey's ear. "The place creeps with it, doesn't it?"

"Yes," Betsey said. She located Peter at a table for two, and she tried hard not to stare at the girl who was with him. Slick, brushed-up, and—and so young.

"Smile," Barry said. "Smile, champ." His hand was beneath her elbow and they were moving now, slowly, sedately, towards the table where the headwaiter stood smiling at them, holding a chair. Betsey sat down. The headwaiter said, "This is a pleasure, Mr. Ward, an honor."

And then, "Your son, Mr. Ward," the headwaiter said. He said it apologetically.

Here it is, Betsey thought; as planned. She looked up.

"You didn't tell me," Peter said. His smile, at close view, was puzzled. "It's an occasion of some sort?"

"Why, in a manner of speaking," Barry said. He, too, was standing. "It's our first date, if that's what you mean. I hope it won't be our last."

"Oh," said Peter.

"I have your permission, I hope? Filial permission, I expect it would be called?"

"Why—why, sure. I mean—"

"Will you join us?" Barry said, and saw Betsey look up at him in surprise, almost in alarm. He kept his eyes on Peter. "We have, as you see, plenty of room. And we should like to meet your young lady."

No, Betsey thought; this isn't the way you planned it. I merely look silly this way; we both do; it's too transparent.

Barry was smiling, looking down at Betsey again, as Peter turned away and headed for his own table.

The girl, whose name was Brenda something-or-other, was, Betsy decided, nervous almost to the point of twitchiness. And so, as a matter of fact, was Peter, which was more than a little odd.

They hung on Barry's words, watching his face when he talked. They laughed at Barry's jokes. And they worked hard to keep Betsey in the conversation.

Brenda said, "Peter has told me a lot about you."

"Has he?" Betsey said.

"You told him to send me roses this morning. They were so nice."

Betsey searched and could find no sarcasm in the girl's face, in her voice. "I'm glad you liked them."

"My mentor," Peter said. "She always knows. When we were 18 . . ." It was a long story concerning the romantic concept of going to sea, not in the Ward line, perhaps even under an assumed name, seeing the world, returning home one day in triumph, lean and hard and dangerous. "She talked me out of it." He smiled at Barry. "You didn't know, did you?"

"No. But I'm not surprised."

"Well," Betsey said. She remembered the scene, Peter's decision, her own firm stand. She could not remember her exact arguments. "I was a precocious child," she added.

And Barry nodded gravely. "You were indeed." He stood up and came around the table. "We'll dance," he said.

The floor was crowded. Betsey followed automatically, feeling Barry's arm easy and sure around her waist, finding his presence comforting as it had been so often.

"I told you it was no good," she said.

He took his arm from her. They started towards their table. "Now in this round," Barry said, "I want you to lead, not just counter. Come out swinging at the bell."

"And fall flat on my face."

"Never," Barry said. "It isn't in you."

You don't know, Betsey thought; you just don't know. She sat down and smiled at Brenda, at Peter.

And then, at last, there was the dance with Peter, which was, actually, what she had been waiting for all along. They moved on to the floor, his arm loosely protective around her waist. "Long time," Peter said.

"Hear, hear."

"Funny." They pivoted, and Betsey followed him faultlessly. "I learnt to dance with you, didn't I?"

"More or less."

"I learned a lot of things from you." He smiled down at her. They were silent for a time. "You look awfully nice tonight. I haven't seen you dressed up for a long time."

"And whose fault is that? I'm a working girl."

His face was suddenly serious. "Why don't you stop?"

She shook her head slowly. "You're a big boy now. You know all about the economic facts of life. Everybody isn't born with a rich—" She stopped there. He was smiling. "Do I sound parental?"

"You do."

She nodded. The realisation was as easy, as simple, as that. I said it myself, didn't I? I said that I raised you, and I really did. Barry and I between us. And there was no pain in her mind, no hurt, and that was a strange thing.

They danced on in silence. And I did a good job. I have a right to be proud.

Little mother Betsey, she thought; and the evidence continued to pile up in her mind. Peter's big decision, and the lecture she had given on filial duty; her worry about his clothes, his studies, his friends, the girls he had taken out.

He smiled down at her with a delicious tenderness in his regard.

"You might let me in on it too," Peter said, "whatever it is."

"Just thinking." Thinking how blind I've been, for how many years? And across the floor she could see Barry and young Brenda moving slowly, sedately.

Brenda's expression was respectful there in the presence of her elder. Only he isn't, Betsey thought, not really. He's a contemporary, but you just don't realise it. And she smiled up at Peter again. "She's sweet," she said. And she saw the pleasure in his face, in his eyes.

"You really think so?"

"I do."

"I hoped you would. I hoped that you and Barry both would."

"I can't answer for Barry," Betsey answered gravely.

Peter's smile was broad. "Don't give me that. What you like, he likes. He always has, and you know it."

Do I know it? She decided that she did, that she had known it for a long time, way far in the back of her mind, way down deep inside.

"Imagine that," she said up at Peter's face, the face she had known for so long.

"Sometimes," Peter said, "you're way beyond me. You jump around—"

"It isn't that I mind," Betsey said, "but the music seems to have stopped." She moved out of his arms. "It was a pleasure," she said, and she walked, smiling still, back to the table.

She let Peter hold her chair for her, and she waited until both he and Barry were seated before she stepped up and took her swing, without restraint or nervousness, knowing with a deep, sure knowledge that this time this was going to be a knock-out.

"My son and I," she said slowly, distinctly, "had quite a talk while we danced."

She almost felt the shock of surprise that ran through Peter, and carefully avoiding his eyes she turned to Barry, there at her side. She knew Brenda's eyes, large with astonishment . . . and perhaps relief, were on her.

Betsey looked at Barry. His eyebrows were raised and there was only a hint of a smile around his mouth, but the crinkles in the corners of his eyes were plain. "So?" he said. "And was anything decided?"

"It was." It was hard to keep her voice down, hard to keep herself from jumping up and waving her arms and shouting for the world to hear. Is this the way it is? You press a switch and all at once the lights are on where it was grey and dim before?

Why has she taken so long to see that this was the answer? Why hadn't she known all along that this was what Barry had wanted and had not dared hope for?

And Barry's eyes were watching her, and Barry's smile had spread now until it matched her own. And then the music started. She looked at Peter and the words were quite natural, quite easy. "Don't you think you and Brenda had better dance?"

She saw comprehension in his face, but, just to make sure, she added, "Your father and I have something we wanted to talk about." Peter stood up. He was grinning.

"Hear, hear," he said, and he led young Brenda away. Betsey folded her hands on the table and turned to look at Barry again. "Now," she said.

"Now," said Barry. And he was silent for a little time, just looking at her, smiling at her. "It's been a long, long wait."

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Thanks to daughter Angela it looked as though the most important party in their lives was ruined.

Sunday at 8

An amusing story by GEORGE PERTH

RICHARD and Nora Pace were getting ready for the most important Sunday so far in their young lives. Since it was almost eleven and they were expected at Mr. Macressy's around noon, these were merely last-minute preparations. Or in other words a worried reviewing of the preparations of the past week, ever since the historic moment when Mr. Macressy had paused at Richard's desk and asked if he and Nora happened to be free on the eighteenth to spend the day and evening at his place.

He added as an apparent afterthought upon receiving Richard's assurance that they were indeed, that one dressed for dinner—black tie only, of course.

Richard opened his suitcase once more, smoothed out a wrinkle in the sleeve of the new dinner jacket, tried to think if there was anything he could conceivably have forgotten, and closed the suitcase for what he vowed was the last time.

He then looked out the window to see if Ernest, the aged car, was still there, looked at his watch, and went in search of his wife.

He found her in Angela's room, where Mrs. McGill, the occasional lady, and Angela were listening tolerantly to Nora recite once more when her daughter was to lunch, nap, rise, walk in the park, bathe, dine, and retire. Mrs. McGill had been nodding her head in token of understanding and assent for some time now, until the movement seemed to be mechanically a part of her.

"Three minutes past eleven!" Richard declared. "Mrs. McGill, I wrote down the telephone number for you where we'll be?"

"Indeed, yes, Mr. Pace," Mrs. McGill assured him. "You once and Mrs. Pace twice. And then, of course, there is always the lady at Information."

"Where are you going?" Angela inquired.

"I told you, sweetie," Nora said. "To Mr. Macressy's. You'd be coming if it weren't a party for grown-ups. Mrs. McGill, is there anything—?"

"I honestly do not think so, ma'am," Mrs. McGill said fervently.

"Then," Nora said, looking around her doubtfully, "then I think—"

"Goodbye, baby," Richard said, kissing Angela and receiving a hard and loving kiss in return. "Be good and go easy on the paint."

"Are you sure there's nothing you've left?" Nora asked. "I'd better check; you know you're inclined to be a little absent-mi—"

"Nothing," he said firmly. "Goodbye, Mrs. McGill. Nora, come on!"

In the car, Nora sighed, closed her eyes for a moment in relaxation, then opened them again. "Rich, do I look all right?"

"About nineteen," he said, "and sort of pretty." He rubbed his hand through his sandy hair, rumpling it so that he looked about nineteen himself rather than twenty-eight and the father of an artistic five-year-old.

"Gosh, I hope I've got everything straight," he said. "I mean about how to behave with the servants and everything. You realise the old man doesn't know anything about us, actually? We've never been in his home: he doesn't know if we know how to behave in a place like that. It's a test, sort of. I'm not worried about you, but me—"

"You should be worrying about you," Nora said fondly. "How ridiculous. You looked so impressive when you tried on your dinner jacket last night. Angela said you looked like a prince. She particularly loved the shiny shoes."

"The butler," Richard said. "Do I tip him?"

"You just leave something in the room where we'll change. Honestly, to hear you talk anyone'd think you'd been raised out on the veldt or the pampas, or one of those places. Darling, how can you possibly be worried? You know what a nice home your mother and father had."

"That was different," he said. "People like Mr. Macressy, old Eastern family and everything, maybe he's not a snob, but still he won't be able to help it—he'll be watching me every second. Why do you think he thought he had to say that about dressing for dinner? He wouldn't have thought he'd have to say it to Jack."

"You positively have an inferiority complex about Jack."

"Jack's from Boston. Groton and Harvard."

"I'm sure Mr. Macressy's already decided on you."

"No, he hasn't. I told you, he's asked Jack and me out to see how we stack up out of the office. Jack knows it as well as I do."

"So if you're nervous, just think how nervous Jack must be, realising he doesn't have one-third of your brains."

"Baby," Richard said tenderly, "you know something? You're just naturally prejudiced against anybody who doesn't live in your house."

. . . . . .

Richard's anniversary with Macressy, Inc., Importers and Exporters, main office in New York, branches in England and France, practically coincided with his and Nora's wedding anniversary.

He always said he owed one to the other, for if he had not been so elevated by his discovery that the pretty girl with the tip-tilted nose was willing to become Mrs. Richard Pace, he would never have been able to make a good impression on Mr. Macressy during their first interview.

This was nonsense, Nora held, maintaining that Mr. Macressy had taken one look at Richard and seen genius sticking out all over him, shiny and glowy, like measles. The proof of it, she said, was Richard's steady rise, to the point where he was now just about to get a junior executive's job.

She was so sure of it that she had figured out everything the new job meant—among other things, that they could move from the West 172nd Street apartment to a small suburban house, where Angela could be let loose in a yard of their own with her finger-painting set, artistic but occasionally disastrous.

But directly in the way of this rosy future stood the impeccable person of Jack Hillier, with his crew-cut hair and neat dark flannel suits. Richard was positive the promotion to junior executive was teetering in the unfathomable recesses of Mr. Macressy's mind, between him and Jack.

There was a Mrs. Hillier, too. The young Paces had never met her, but presumably Mrs. Hillier also was figuring on what the salary increase would do for the young Hilliers.

"Caesar," Richard announced, steering Ernest around an elegant hedge-rimmed driveway, "we who are about to die salute thee."

"Thee aren't going to die," Nora said. "Thee is in the bag. Are they here yet?"

"They are. That's Jack's car."

"That juggernaut?" she said indignantly. "Then he certainly doesn't need a bigger sal—"

"That's Mr. Macressy's. The little one behind it."

"Oh. What is it, English?"

"French. Thirty-five to the gallon, Jack says."

"They must both be quite small and inconspicuous."

"You saw Jack in the office once," Richard said gloomily. "Six feet one. I'll get the suitcases." But as he was doing so, the front door of the house opened and a man in white jacket and black trousers appeared and approached briskly.

"Let me take them, sir."

"Oh," Richard said, "thank you. Er—we're Mr. and Mrs. Pace."

"Yes, sir. Mr. Macressy is in the game room, first turn to your right as you go in and down the stairs."

"Thank you," Richard said, smiling hollowly. "Should I have thanked him so much?" he whispered as they entered the house. "Do you thank them every time they do anything?"

"You do what you think's right, and it's right," Nora whispered back. "And you look wonderful and I love you."

"And me you," he whispered gratefully. "Down here, I guess. Do you go first?"

"Richard!" she said, and went first, carefully, and smiling, down the stairs.

A cosy room with a bear rug and sporting pictures on the dark walls was at the foot of the stairs. Two people were sitting on stools in front of a small bar, and a man behind the bar was mixing a drink.

"Welcome!" he said.

This was Mr. Macressy.

William Boise Macressy, president of Macressy, Inc., was stately and large, with blue eyes and pink, scrubbed-looking skin, a fine head of grey-white hair, tufted eyebrows, a crisp moustache, and a voice so deep and resonant it sounded as if he were talking from inside a barrel.

He was a widower, Nora knew, without children. She automatically felt sorry for any widower without children, but you could not, simply could not, feel sorry for Mr. Macressy; it would be impious.

"Hello there," Jack Hillier said, getting off his bar stool. "Mrs. Pace, Rich, I don't think you've met Clare. Clare, the Paces. Oops, sorry, sir—shouldn't have barged in on the host's introducing job."

"How do you do?" Richard and Nora said simultaneously, and Clare Hillier said, "How are you?"

"What do you fancy before lunch?" Mr. Macressy inquired. "Martini? Something lighter? Sherry?"

"Well, thanks," Richard said. "I guess I'll have— I mean, Nora, what would you like?"

"May I have a sherry?" Nora said with a bright smile.

"Mr. Macressy's Martinis are really perfectly," Mrs. Hillier remarked.

One thing was evident at once; Mrs. Hillier was very smart—that is, chic. She had a cool classic profile and long pale slim hands, and she sat on the bar stool as if she weren't actually sitting on it, but had somehow grown out of it, like a flower on a vine.

She looked distant and aristocratically fragile and delicately, secretly amused. Why she had said the Martinis were perfectly instead of perfect was a mystery, but having said it she made it sound as if it were the only possible thing to say.

"Go on with your story, Jack," Mr. Macressy said from inside his barrel. "Richard, have you made up your mind? What are you drinking?"

"I guess a Martini, thank you, Mr. Macressy," Richard said. He cleared his throat and tried to cross his legs to look more at ease and relaxed, and banged his right foot into Mrs. Hillier's slim ankle. "Gosh, I'm sorry!"

"Sorry?" Mr. Macressy demanded. "What for?"

"I mean I—I think," Richard stammered, "I think I kicked Mrs. Hillier."

"Now, that's very rude of you. Forgive him, Mrs. Hillier?"

Mrs. Hillier merely smiled. Richard plunged thankfully into his Martini.

. . . . . .

But lunch went off well. Jack Hillier told two or three amusing little anecdotes, and, with Nora across the table to encourage him, Richard felt bold enough to essay his story—the story about the explorer and the wombat.

Mr. Macressy had smiled majestically at Jack's anecdotes, but he

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Richard looked at the newcomers in bewilderment and then said to his wife as she hurried past, "But why —Nora, let me explain."

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They'll whisper about you!

Perspiration odours do offend . . .

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YOUTH FEATURE by Ailsa Craig

The kind of girls men don't marry

UNLUCKILY there's no magic formula for winning popularity. But there are certain mistakes to be avoided if you don't want to be the kind of girl who makes boys put on their running shoes.

I asked 20-year-old Jimmy from next door to give an opinion on the subject. He's one of the neighborhood's most popular lads and is in demand as an escort. Girls can't afford to take lightly the opinions of a boy like Jimmy.

Jimmy wrinkled his brow, chewed the end of a pencil, and finally produced a list. Here it is, in no special order of importance:

"Sloppy Susan:

"Susan is quite a decent girl really, and she'd have lots of invitations if only she took more trouble with the way she looks. If you ask her out she's bound to turn up with a button missing, or her lipstick smudged, or her stockings crooked.

"Me, I wouldn't take her anywhere important because she wouldn't look right."

Yes, Jimmy, most people would be on your side. If Susan sits at home at weekends wondering why she's a Cinderella, it's her own fault.

She could sew on that button and learn to use a lipstick.

Her main trouble is laziness.

Boys don't like being seen with Sloppy Susans. And while they don't expect Susan to look like Elizabeth Taylor, they want to feel she has paid them the compliment of trying to be at attractive as she can.

Susan had better straighten her stockings if she wants to be a social success.

"Cynical Celia:

"Celia is never serious. She makes a joke of everything.

"You'd never dream of telling Celia about the things that mean a lot to you because you're afraid she'll laugh at them. There's something hard and unfeminine about her."

I can't go all the way with you this time, Jimmy, because, unlike Sloppy Susan, Celia has a problem to overcome.

Cynicism is nearly always a cover-up for lack of confidence and emotional insecurity. At heart Celia is probably a sensitive girl who's afraid people will hurt her. So she puts on a brassy front.

The next time she starts scoffing, confound her by saying, "I don't believe you feel like that at all."

You may shock her into confessing she doesn't. If she admits that, she'll relax and become more human.

"Non-stop Norah:

"Norah's a chatterer. Like Tennyson's brook, she goes on for ever. She doesn't let up from the minute she comes dashing up to you in the street until you dump her at her door.

"She never listens to what you say — if you ever get a chance to say anything. One session with Norah is quite enough in one lifetime."

Mentally, Jimmy, Norah hasn't outgrown the nursery. She's still there, chattering away to her dolls without expecting an answer.

She hasn't yet learned how to listen, and being able to listen is as much a social asset as nice manners.

"Cultured Cathy:

"Cathy spells her culture with a capital C. She talks modern art, music, and books in an authoritative way that puts you right back into the schoolroom. She has involved opinions about everything: the International Situation, Going off the Gold Standard — or getting back on it. If she doesn't make you feel as silly as a sheep she doesn't make you feel any smarter."

Cathy's attitude is irritating, Jimmy, but if she's really intelligent she won't take long to see she isn't impressing anyone and that the mere display of knowledge is insufferable as well as boring.

"Fix-it Florence:

"Florence is always organising her friends and there's not much a boy hates more. She decides where the crowd should picnic, what show they'll go to, who should be invited to your party.

"When you hear someone talking about nagging wives, you think, 'That's Florence in a few years' time.' "

Probably, Jimmy, the only person Florence hasn't thought of organising is herself. If she had, she'd know how hard it is to do just that and stop making a pest of herself.

Perhaps she's trying genuinely to help her friends, but one of the ideas that dawn with maturity is that, on the whole, people don't want to be helped and prefer to muddle along in their own way.

Sooner or later Florence will understand this. The sooner the better.

Well, that's Jimmy's list. It's not exhaustive and there must be dozens of points other boys can add to it.

The girls could certainly retaliate with a counter list—against the boys.

A bachelor's opinion:

Pretty but dumb

AFTER leaving school the average young man studies for a career and so keeps his brain active in some way.

Miss "Young Average," though, studies little or nothing, reads nothing more profound than nauseating "romance" sagas, and models her life on unrealistic Hollywood ideals.

She lives for the pictures, dances, and hit-parades, and can discuss nothing else.

If she happens to be in the company of a man who is interested in the arts or world affairs, she is completely at sea, resorting to nervous giggles and embarrassed fidgeting.

Soon she finds she is no longer wanted, he and his friends having decided she is "dead from the neck up."

Almost any man will be taken in by a pretty face, but oh, how boring it becomes if it hasn't a brain as well.

And as for marrying the pretty face, well, that's where a lot of "misery marriages" begin.

DISC DIGEST

THOSE who enjoy musical plays in the new realistic style will be pleased to hear that at long last the full score of the Rodgers-Hammerstein show "Carousel" may now be heard on one 12-inch long-playing disc (LATA 8006). Recently released were three excerpts from this show sung by Frank Sinatra on standard records, just enough to whet the appetite for the big LP which features members of the original New York production. The music, it must be said, does not make an immediate impact since it is much more subtle than the R and H tunes from "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific." Perhaps that explains why the play wasn't a smash hit in London, but with the record you have only to play it over several times and then you'll find yourself humming "If I Loved You," "That Was a Real Nice Clambake," "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," and the lilting "Carousel Waltz" which is very reminiscent of Noel Coward in his best ¾-time mood. Altogether there are 13 items on the record, the highlight being the "Soliloquy," a dramatic recitative sung by John Raitt.

* * *

THE LP disc 33CX 1039 will be eagerly sought by the collector who is building up a library of standard symphonies because it combines Schubert's Eighth ("Unfinished") and Beethoven's Eighth. Both works are played by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under that doyen of British conductors, Sir Thomas Beecham. The Schubert symphony is so well known that it must be familiar to all of us, but the other, which Beethoven called "my little symphony," makes an excellent introduction to those who aren't on speaking terms with this master composer. It is gay and light-hearted, and full of highly individual touches calculated to win over any sceptics who may imagine that Beethoven is "a bit too heavy for me."

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Continuing . . . . Distant Lady

from page 35

of the realm crept into the talk. Thatcher always battened all hatches, but things were very active up on the bridge. He took the cue like a veteran vaudeville artist.

"That's exactly why I wired you. There's a job here for you—now. Your old job, plus some. You'll be art director, and we have first call on you for figure work. Contract basis, of course. Three years I'm thinking of—starting this afternoon if you're free. The art department's busy, and we need you."

Startled at the tempo of the interview, Frisky stalled for thinking time.

"Who've you got directing now?"

J.W. looked hurt. Pertinent questions during interviews were asked by him.

"Got a girl. Good director, too. Has the way of getting things done without hysterics. Don't often find it in a woman. Specialises in layout herself, but we want an illustrator in charge. There's a lot of figure-work coming up. That's where you come in."

Frisky saw himself come in. He also saw himself neatly bound by a Thatcher contract to illustrate for Thatcher clients exclusively. The job was bait, to keep him on tap as a figure-artist and stop him working for other agencies. J.W. must have seen those English jobs he'd done.

Well, a lot depended on his price. But Frisky did not see himself pushing the present director out of the Art Director's chair. That was poor kind of drill, and besides, he shied at the thought of all the puppet-master tricks you had to be up to, to run an art studio.

Keeping a bunch of brush-wielders happy in their work, for instance, and them all with temperaments as artistic or more so than your own. Keeping in touch with the free-lancers round town and knowing just where to farm out overflow work when the studio couldn't cope. Preserving the happy armed neutrality which always existed between Production and Art Departments. Trying to reckon out the real deadlines and priority on jobs, when everything landed on your board with a bright-red "Rush" tag trailing off it.

Nope. Not that, not after life in St. Christophe. And certainly not over the head of the unknown woman with a way of getting things done.

"So if I take the job, what about the lady?"

"She'll be your assistant-director."

"She'd just love that after doing the job herself for years."

"Maybe she'd prefer to go. She doesn't have to stay."

"Of course she doesn't. I'll bet she doesn't work because she likes to. No, boss. Count me right out if I come and somebody has to go."

"O.K., then, Galahad. You be her assistant."

Frisky's honest streak was his personal devil, always prodding him into hot spots. Right now the devil's tail was lashing.

"Look here, J.W., let's be practical. I'm no Galahad. I want a job. But I'm no diplomat, either, so that rules out working with a woman assistant. And if you give this wench the push, the rest of the studio'll love me like they love having prickly heat.

"You want my illustrating. You don't want me working for other agencies. Right. But you don't have to give me a door with my name painted on it pretty to get me in. You find me a drawing-board near a window. Then I'll do all the illustrating you want—at a price.

"Give me enough to do and I won't have time to work for the others. Just guarantee me twenty-five a week, then we'll forget all about contracts and who's whose assistant, and everyone'll be happy. All right?"

J. W. Thatcher's hooded gaze shifted slowly up Frisky's muscular height till it reached the keen sun-blacked face lowering over him. Mr. Francis Wells' eight years' dabbling in art for art's sake hadn't made his personality any more plastic, but it had improved his commercial work out of sight. It was the work J. W. Thatcher was buying. Maybe it'd be better not to have this desk-thumping dogmatist under contract. Thatcher knew his artists.

"O.K., O.K., then, Francis. Don't be on the staff if you don't want to. There'll be twenty-five a week for you, and no time for you to work for anyone else, and nothing in writing."

"That's a deal."

"You know, I'm kind of glad you're doing it this way. Not that Vicky would've made trouble. She doesn't go in for whims like most of the women in this business. But she's a widow and it mightn't suit her to move from here."

Frisky's neutral wariness of J.W. turned momentarily to positive loathing. So Thatcher had been going to show the widow the door if he couldn't get him any other way. He rose.

"I'd rather she didn't know about that part, J.W. Every widow's not a merry one, and I hate the grateful type. See you in the morning."

He left the Thatcher suite with things on his mind. A man has plenty to think about when he's just fixed it to earn money to get himself back to the South of France. Also, for sentimental reasons, he had a coral-colored geranium to buy.

In the nearest seed shop he found one waving a bright pennant of bloom, exactly the shade of the geranium that had rioted over his balcony at Mme. Peronne's Auberge back in St. Christophe. With ceremony Frisky installed it on his studio windowsill.

At ten to nine next morning Frisky found himself borne along on the tides of regular commuters towards Thatcher Advertising Ltd.'s suite and asking himself why. Partly curiosity, he guessed, this bubbling enthusiasm to start work. What was all the work Thatcher had chattered about? And what was this Vicky woman like, whose job could have been his for the taking? What were women Art Directors like? He'd never known one, come to think.

If they were like women executives, she'd be either cuddlesome and calculating, or tailored and tough. Whichever way it went he'd have very little truck with her. He was just the boy the boss had engaged to do figure-work.

The lift floated to a halt at the ninth. He flattened his large person and his large brief-case against the wall and let his fellow-slaves shuffle out, taking advantage of the march-past to look them over. Madame Director was certainly not in that bunch. She wouldn't be the red-haired teenager or the dogged looking momma in golf shoes. The blonde was the receptionist, and the smart green suit belonged to Thatcher's secretary. And she couldn't be this bit of angel food who'd been in the far corner.

Angel food was so tiny she'd been invisible till the lift emptied. But what did it matter if a girl stood only five feet one inch after you'd taken away three inches of cherry-colored heels and heaven knows how much sapphire feather soaring top of her sapphire velvet bonnet . . . if she walked like a baby ballerina and had eyes that made that sapphire velvet look silly? Frisky fell in behind the cherry heels with rising spirits.

He had to stop and check which was his room. This time the blonde receptionist wasted no smile on him, for yesterday's dark impressive visitor was clearly just another Thatcher retainer.

Regarding Frisky's ancient turtle-neck sweater with marked distaste, she murmured absently as she flicked the switchboard into action, "Mr. Wells, isn't it—yes, your office'll be fourth on the left, second corridor."

Frisky muttered thanks and, saddened that so many women didn't go for turtle-necks, sought the fourth on the left, second corridor. It wasn't a bad workroom as these things go in city buildings.

Plenty of windows; work-bench well angled and a high stool; easel in one corner—probably a concession to my fine art pretensions, reflected Frisky with acid appreciation. Jars of water, plastic palettes, tubes of color—the works, in fact, all ready for him. And, no, it couldn't be! How much hustle could you get in this hustling business? On his board lay what was clearly his first job.

FRISKY threw down his brief-case to examine it. A colored layout for somebody's soda-pop, with the routine happy family all drinking themselves silly. But it was a good layout, he had to admit, with good grouping of the figures.

He'd just bring the man a bit farther in and tone down the blues in the women's dresses—the whole thing was a bit heavy on blue—and it'd be a pushover, especially with these photographic shots of models all ready for reference. He'd unpack right away and check in with Miss Whosit—or Mrs. Whosit—and . . .

"Oh, Mr. Wells, sorry bothering you before you're properly settled, but J.W.'s terribly restive about that job. He held it up till he saw you — simply wouldn't let us give it to anybody else—and now it's pretty urgent. We're not always in this kind of a rush, but it's all ready for you to roll just as is."

Frisky straightened up to look into sapphire eyes. By cripes, they weren't sapphire after all. That had been the bonnet. These eyes were the blue of the stained-glass Madonna's robes back in the St. Christophe Church — or were they the blue of the south coast sea in autumn: that intense, living blue that was so hard to put down?

And why on earth put blue bonnets on hair that clung in a smooth helmet to a beautifully shaped head before it feathered into absurd curls at the ends like a Renaissance cherub's? Before his figure-conscious eye took him further, he collected himself.

"Eh? Oh, not at all. J.W. said the pressure was on. But before I start I'd like to check a few things with Mrs. Mrs. . . . oh, the Art Director woman, anyway. Would you take me along?"

The blue-eyed one took one pace backward on two cherry heels and framed one small but intriguingly cleft chin.

"We don't have far to go. I'm Victoria Haynes, Mr. Wells. Sorry I forgot the introductions. I'm due out with the boss in ten minutes and I clean overlooked the formalities."

If Cherry-heels had proclaimed herself one of the Little People, Frisky could have accepted it more readily. But there must be no panic with one's future chief.

"Francis Wells is all the name, but I don't answer well to it. My friends leave it at 'Frisky.' Hope you'll forgive me for thinking you weren't you, but J.W. didn't indulge in any descriptions."

He stopped then, for the blue-eyed little busybody beside him became a marble figure of formality. Mrs. Haynes was making it pretty clear she didn't care whether he answered to Frisky or Whisky.

"Certainly, Mr. Wells. We should have met yesterday, but I was tied up. Now what did you want to check? There's only one thing I want you to stick to in this rough—that's the color of these dresses. The client's got a regular thing about women's dresses being blue, so keep them good and blue."

"Oh, it was just about the scaling-up. You work half up on layout, I s'pose?"

Who cared what color the darned dresses were, anyhow? A man couldn't have a fracas with this cool, lovely little customer in their first five minutes' acquaintance, and, anyway, she knew what the client liked.

Vicky Haynes was making for the door as she answered.

"Half-up's fine. Hope the photos suit you. You'll arrange your own shots in future, of course, but this was in a hurry. We'll talk later about red-tape and work-sheets and whatnot. Sorry to dash, but you know J.W. See you!"

She wasn't there any more. Mr. Wells was alone with his 4B pencils, roughing in his happy, healthy family of picnickers, and revising any preconceived notions he had had about women Art Directors and angel-food that wore three-inch cherry heels.

It was a long morning, Frisky realised, in fact, the longest, most disturbing morning in eight years. Could be because being back in the commercial league was such a contrast to the freedom of fine art and St. Christophe. Could be because J. W. Thatcher's incredibly lovely Art Director wasn't interested in his Christian name. Never mind, she'd thaw out over a bite at lunchtime. He'd never had a failure yet.

About then J.W. himself came in and peered, bent-shouldered, beak out-thrust at the job on the board.

"That's the stuff, m'boy. Jove, it's good to see you in here again. You've got what we want. D'ja meet Vicky? Great girl! Been nagging me for weeks to farm that job out, but I said, 'No. That's Wells' first assignment when he moves in.' And I won.

"Don't often win with Vicky. Got a way with her, that kid. You want to see her with a client. They just don't know they're being talked into anything. Must be those eyes. Not that she uses that—er—technique. All I can do to drag her out to lunch with a client now and then, and nobody knows what she does with herself after hours. She's kind of distant with people."

Frisky sharpened a pencil.

"I've noticed it myself. Thought I'd ask her to lunch so she could give me the low-down on this and that. It's be more relaxed."

J.W. laughed — the kind of laugh comic-strip villains give in bubbles over their heads, usually blocked in as "erf-erf."

"More relaxed! That's a good one! Good luck, m'boy. Others have tried. You may do better, but not today. She left me to go to some art show and won't be back till after lunch."

As soon as J.W. had left Frisky began searching through

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USE WITH ANY HOME PERM CURLERS

Continuing . . . . Distant Lady

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the morning paper. He ought to start taking in the current shows now he was back. There were six exhibitions on, embracing every art-form from cubism to Japanese prints.

It'd be hard to say which might be claiming Vicky Haynes' attention so he settled for the Jap prints and contented himself with remembering there were five lunch hours every working week.

He saw no more of Vicky that day. Early next morning she did appear, tinier than ever in walking shoes and town tweeds to talk over another job. Frisky heard her out, raising mild objections here and there to convince himself that his weakness for angel-food was not going to make him a yes-man. The work settled, she perched on the high stool and regarded him solemnly.

"There's something you ought to know, Mr. Wells."

Frisky waited for it. She was probably going to tell him she didn't believe in Christian names in the office.

"Well, now. What gives?"

"Cottage Cookies are going to launch a new campaign and you're going to be so busy it won't be true. They're spending an extra £10,000 in the next three months, and all the illustrations will be in your type of country. Families and party scenes and lots of jolly people. I'll try to give you the background story . . ."

Frisky squashed a devastating urge to laugh at the small lady astride his high stool. Or alternatively to make her laugh or maybe to kiss her under her ear. That wouldn't do, of course. One must be the earnest fellow-artist, but there were limits.

"S'pose you tell me at lunch today? D'you eat Chinese?"

"Sorry, Mr. Wells. I'll be having a sandwich at my desk today. I've got things to do at lunch-hour."

"Tomorrow, then?"

She slipped down from the stilt-legged stool, neatly avoiding contact with his politely helpful hand. The light huskiness of her voice got all deep-frozen again, like when he'd introduced himself.

"Not tomorrow. I'm tied up most lunch-times, Mr. Wells. Can you pop down to my office just after two and we'll run over this Cottage Cookie business?"

While he was saying "Sure—" she was off, slick as a pantomime fairy making an exit.

For a man who's never had a failure, Frisky pondered, I don't do so well. Distant isn't the word. She just doesn't seem to exist outside this place. No, by heaven, he had it! That old big-trap, Thatcher, must have told her about my passing up her job. So, being a properly proud kind of wench, she won't have anything to do with me for fear I think it's gratitude.

That might take some time to put right, but he'd work on it. There'd be some way to get her acting like an honest-to-goodness woman instead of being an Art Director all the time, and Frisky Wells was the boy to find it.

Surely somebody in the studio knew about her husband and what she did nights and weekends. Meanwhile, how would she respond to a day out in a 16-footer, or a symphony concert, or dinner by candlelight at that place near the Quay?

Just after two he was in Vicky's office listening to her husky version of the Cottage Cookie story. Very interesting it was, all about how old man Carter inherited the recipes from his old lady, and how he still insisted on baking only small batches so that they'd have the home-made taste.

But not half as interesting as Vicky silhouetted in her emerald-green sweater against the wintry afternoon sun. Frisky gallantly tried to make notes, but the pencil went off on its own and what appeared on the scribble-pad was a working sketch of Vicky.

So the week wagged on. On Friday, Frisky threw caution out the ninth floor window, in a carefully rehearsed kind of way. Vicky was in his room choosing the models for a fashion job and he was mixing a yellow wash. He didn't look up to ask the question.

"Like a trip up to the Mountains on Sunday? I'm driving up to my cousin's. He's got a lovely place, if you go for old hand-hewn stone and sentimental-making surroundings."

The small person beside his board moved as by instinct for the door and hoarfrost descended on the husky voice as always.

"Thanks, but I'm sorry, Mr. Wells. My weekend's very much committed. And I'm not the sentimental type."

Frisky tried to be analytical. All right, he'd been clumsy talking about sentimental-making scenery. But didn't she ever come out from behind her layouts and brushes and act human? Now he had a car for the weekend and no date, and it had cost him half a dozen Scotches to wheedle the car out of old Frank.

A flash of the Frisky Wells of old saved the day. From his coat pocket he pulled out a book of nearly forgotten telephone numbers. One still legible was Miss Diana Tremayne's. Bright, blonde, and wonderfully bird-brained Diana had been. Frisky put in a call. Diana would be bright and bird-brained when she was ninety, and whether she was still blonde didn't matter much. She'd be a nice contrast to Vicky and her weekend commitments.

MONDAY morning was an atomic explosion let loose. The Cottage Cookie campaign burst on the staff of Thatcher Advertising. Copywriters prowled corridors muttering to themselves, phones and typewriters chattered all day as space was booked in magazines and newspapers all over the country. The grim-looking production manager worked out deadlines for printers and artists, and ordered fresh supplies of "Rush" tags.

Frisky was right in it. Cottage Cookies liked their advertisements real—real people eating real biscuits and really enjoying them. Frisky had to paint them, and fast. People at bridge parties, kids after school, mothers packing lunches, teenagers in rumpus-rooms — and always with biscuits.

He worked at the office; he worked at home; he worked non-stop. He loathed smiling people who ate biscuits. After a fortnight of it he loathed himself, but there were the end-of-month cheques to think of.

J.W. certainly had been right when he said there'd be plenty of work for him. A few more booms like this and he'd be back in St. Christophe inside twelve months. That and Vicky's almost wide-eyed gratitude as she took the finished jobs from him kept Frisky from breaking out.

Vicky and her studio staff were under terrific pressure. It was a big campaign; illustrations of every shape and size for newspaper ads., posters, packages and show-cards were all in preparation at once.

Mostly they centred on Frisky's pictures of real people and real biscuits. If he slowed down or got himself a hang-over or two, Vicky's task wouldn't be difficult, it'd be impossible.

But, Frisky promised himself as he roughed down what he hoped was the last of his happy families, wait till this is finished! If I don't get me a wholesale lot of red paint and fix up this town . . . and if that career girl I work with doesn't bring along her brushes, too . . . I'll be—

The cause of it all came in. A black crayon smudge shadowed one flushed cheek like a beauty spot on the run and she was furious.

"It's the bitter end! Old Carter wants that job you're on to appear earlier in the campaign, and the deadline's the day after tomorrow. And that's been extended specially so's we can shoot it in black-and-white. The old man's awfully insistent about it going first, and the boss won't cross him for fear he calls off the campaign. But can you possibly do it?"

She took a cigarette from his packet — the first time she'd done that—and he gave her a light before replying like a benevolent uncle.

"Don't panic, pet. Can do. It shall have our attention in the stilly watches of the night."

"I hate people doing that, 'specially with figures. And what about models for the kids?"

"Forget 'em. I've got a lot of kids of my own — in my head."

That got a smile, short and sweet like a sunshower.

"It's still all wrong. You'll be working all night to finish five figures without models, and you've worked too many nights already. Are you sure you can do it?"

"Positive, petal. But it's positively the last time that Mr. Cottage Cookies will get his horrible way with me. There's a smudge on your left cheek."

Really it was most satisfactory to find that one's calm Art Director could, and did, blush like a deep carmine wash.

"Thanks. And thanks again about the job. Wish the boss had let me talk to old Carter. He's not that bad and I can get round him most times. He treats me as if I was a rather bright child of fourteen."

Frisky just stopped himself from assuring her that on the score of appearances he couldn't agree more with Mr. Cottage Cookies. Instead he flashed her the grin that had won friends and influenced people these thirty years.

"Let's give the old tyrant his own way for the last time. But you wouldn't care to come and brew the coffee for me tonight, would you? Black and bitter it'll have to be to keep me on the job."

Her eyes widened into full-blown violets and she was terribly, genuinely concerned.

"Honestly, I'd do it like a shot, but the studio's working tonight, too, and I'll have to get the last bus home. My . . ."

"Forget it. I was fooling. I make the best coffee in the world. See you in the morning."

Why did she have to get last buses? It didn't seem at all necessary to Frisky. She could have curled up on his day-bed. Maybe if he hadn't cut her short he'd have heard why. Oh, well . . .

He stripped the rough off his board and packed tubes of color. A big feed was indicated to bolster the morale for the moderately grim night ahead.

Home in his studio Frisky rigged his lights skilfully and brewed coffee strong enough to give Rip Van Winkle insomnia before pushing up his sweater sleeves and settling down.

Doing a group of figures

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without models or photographs of models correctly posed wasn't easy, but Frisky had been illustrating clear out of his head since he'd done murals on his mother's kitchen walls at the age of six.

The scene to be illustrated was afternoon tea on a veranda. The adult figures were just routine, but when it came to the faces he had to get downright creative. Amongst his work-sketches from Spain was an elderly woman's head in charcoal. That fixed Granny! Then the countenance of the redhead in the opposite flat topped up the figure of the hostess pouring tea. And if that third woman's features were unaccountably like Vicky Haynes' that was purely coincidental.

Or maybe it was because when he stopped for mugs of coffee he thought how pleasant but distracting it would have been if Vicky had come and brewed it for him.

By 1 a.m. the homely noises of the flats about him had died, and the quiet and the odd night sounds took over as he completed the grown-up figures. He cleaned his brushes and stretched mightily before starting on the two children who had to race across the lawn.

This was almost a pleasure. What did he need models for with his head full of the kids of St. Christophe who'd pestered him for squeezed-out paint tubes and clamored to be taught to swim?

And who could be more suitable for scampering over the lawn than the two mercurial granddaughters of Mme. Peronne. Hadn't he sketched them hundreds of times pel'ing along the wet sand and playing their games at the water's edge?

At 5.30 two small brunettes were on the scene. The lawn and tea-table were there; only a few broad strokes had to go in and he'd check the colors when the light got better. Frisky had no alarm clock. The sea air at St. Christophe had rusted his old one and he'd taken that as an omen for all alarm clocks.

He flopped on to his day-bed and hoped his landlady would rouse him as usual. Right now he had a gang of little men at work with pneumatic drills just inside his temples, black underlines beneath his eyes, and an over-weening ambition to count sheep. One . . . two . . . three . . .

Round about nine Mrs. Hughes thumped at the door and he shocked himself to life with cold water in the shower recess. After a couple of mugs of the powerful left-over coffee the job didn't look half bad, particularly those kids.

Feeling like a knight of old heading for his lady's moated grange with the dragon's tail speared to his lance, Frisky strode into the studio to present his night's work to Vicky.

"There we are, petal! Complete, with half a day to spare; three lovely ladies and two kids all mad for Cottage Cookies. What time did you knock off last night?"

By the interesting shadow-effects under your eyes, sweetheart, I'd say—late. But why the warm, though weary, smile he was getting? Probably another job wanted straight away. But, no. Vicky stood and actually patted his arm.

"Don't know how you managed it, Francis. You look as if you could use about a week's sleep. Now I'm going to beg just one more thing of you. Will you submit it to old Carter for me? J.W.'s tied me up for a conference in five minutes and I simply can't take it myself.

"Old Carter's a crank for personal attention, so it's no good sending a boy out with it. Besides, you'll be able to cope with any silly objections he tries to make. J.W.'s car'll get you to the factory in ten minutes; you can drop it back here and be back in your cot by half-past eleven."

All her small, alert person was wilted with weariness, and the blue eyes were indigo under their drooping lids. If it had been a performance on the high trapeze she'd asked for Frisky would still have obliged.

"Sure, I'll take it to the old tyrant, and if he dilly-dallies too long I'll put my head down and go to sleep in his office. See you later!"

With all the horse-power of J. W. Thatcher's luxury model growling under his hand, Frisky felt good. The deep croon of the engine should have made him sleepy; the dogged frontages of the factory suburbs he drove through normally sunk his spirits to ground-level. This morning was different.

Here he had a job he was proud of, on the back seat, Vicky had smiled at him and acted like a woman with a blood-temperature of 98.4, and he was about to do her another favor.

It took a man to handle old coots like Carter of Cottage Cookies. Feminine creatures like Vicky deferred to their age and crustiness, but just let him grizzle about these figures of his, and he'd . .

. . .

At half-past two there was a knock on his door and Vicky burst in on Frisky bent over the drawing-board again, his ready-to-smile mouth fixed in a hard line.

"Where on earth have you been—J.W.'s been yelling for the car since midday. What's up—wouldn't he accept it?"

"J.W. can yell. I had to get on with these changes."

Her dark head reared and the weary exasperation faded from her. She was terribly cool, terribly crisp.

"What changes?"

"He insisted that the bigger child should be a boy. I made them both girls."

"Oh goodness! He always does insist on a boy. Some stupid sentimental reason, I gather. Couldn't you have talked him out of it? Production's getting frantic about the artwork!"

Frisky tossed down his brush and faced her. Towering rages were not his specialty, but if you must tower, six feet four inches of bodily bulk is a great help.

"I didn't try to talk him out of it, Vicky. Not when he told me why. And it is a sentimental reason, so I don't suppose you'd be interested."

She was too tired and too harassed to take that kind of talk. Five feet one inch can tower if it likes, too.

"I'm very interested. Suppose you tell."

"I don't suppose old Carter's ever told you he had an adopted son. The child of some distant relative. Anyhow, he was quite a boy, and the old man thought more of him than his own son, who was a mother's boy and a bit of a wilted lily.

"The set-up didn't add up to peace and quiet in the Carter homestead and the adopted kid was terribly proud, so although he was very fond of Pop Carter, he ran away into the R.A.A.F. when he was barely eighteen, using his own name.

"Carter heard he was killed by some roundabout way and it nearly broke him. That's why he likes a mop-headed dark brat in all his illustrations. It's a kind of memorial to the kid. And that's perfectly all right with me, Mrs. Haynes, because the kid just happens to have been in my flight and I saw him prang after saving another kid from two Messerschmitts. He was a very brave bloke. If old Carter wants boy triplets in his ad., I'll give him them."

The firm petals of Vicky's lips shook and her little ivory hands went up to mask her face, but it was no good. She threw herself into Frisky's armchair and even his best cushion couldn't muffle her tearing great sobs.

Shocked at what he'd done, Frisky slipped from his stool and went to her.

"Gosh, Vicky, I'm sorry if I laid it on, but I knew the kid."

She didn't seem to know he was there. In the minutes he waited for the storm to subside, Frisky felt a heel, raving at her when he knew she was just about all-in. He knelt by the chair, gently raising her by the shoulders and separating her from the cushion.

"Look here, pet, it's another war story. It just happened to hit me rather hard. It's not your story, and I'm a clod throwing it at you that way. Now you've had your cry, ease up for me, will you?"

She didn't look at him, but suddenly her dark head pillowed itself on his chest and it was simplest to put his arms right round her than to hold on to her shaking shoulders. He never knew how long it was before she pulled away and took his paint-stained handkerchief. Time is so relative. Her voice came warm and huskier than usual from the crying.

"You're so right, Frisky. I've had my cry. But you're so wrong too. You see, it is my story. Ian was a fighter-pilot too. He went down just before Ross was born."

"Ross?"

"Our son. Ian never saw him. He's mop-headed—and dark—and I know just how old Mr. Carter feels."

She sobbed again, but this time Frisky knew what to do. He pulled her head down on to his chest again and stayed kneeling beside her till she was through. She got up quietly and apologised like a small girl who has thrown a tantrum.

"Forgive the scene, Frisky. I've never cried about it before. I couldn't. It's all right now."

Frisky rose and put one arm lightly about her shoulders.

"Didn't notice any scene. But why don't you talk about Ross — and Ian? People wouldn't be so clumsy if they knew."

She shrugged within his encircling arm.

"That was like the crying. I just couldn't. I couldn't stand being treated like the brave little war widow, being given jobs, and people being nice just because of that. I loathe pity. I'm just not the sentimental type. You know that."

Frisky knew a lot of things now. Why an attractive young woman of his acquaintance always rushed home nights, and was committed all her week-ends, for instance. He cupped her exquisite little face in his brown hands as he answered her.

"Yes, darling. You're not sentimental. Neither am I. But something could be done about it, don't you think?"

Her lips were not surprised when his mouth went down on hers. In fact, that first kiss was uncommonly mutual and uncommonly dizzy-making, considering the two unsentimental people concerned.

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had an almost alarming fit of laughter when Richard finished; and, recovering, said that if Richard did not object he was going to appropriate the wombat story to tell himself in the evening when some people were coming over, but Richard would have to coach him first.

He then took them on a tour of the gardens and when they returned to the house Mr. Macressy aannounced: "If you don't mind, I'm going to leave you for a spell. I have the habit of taking a snooze for an hour or two in the afternoon. Amuse yourselves. Coctails at seven, dinner at eight."

The Hilliers and the Paces sat down and regarded one another. "Well!" Jack Hillier said. "Wonderful place the old man's got, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," Nora said, almost her first words since arriving, and smiled brightly at Mrs. Hillier.

"I'm so sorry we've never met in town," Mrs. Hillier said, smiling, too. "We really must. Or are you awfully tied down?"

"Well, just Angela," Nora said.

"Oh, you have a daughter? How nice. How old is she?"

"Just five."

"I should adore meeting her. May I call you one day?"

"I'd love it."

"Who did you say the people are who are coming later?" Mrs. Hillier asked.

"Some English friends of the old man's, over on a visit," Jack said. "He's a professional man of some kind—lawyer or doctor; I've forgotten. Let's see, what was their name?—anyway, it's Sir Something-or-other and his wife."

"An ordinary sir? Or a bart?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet you one thing—everything's going to be frightfully posh," Jack glanced at his watch.

"Four-twenty. Frankly, friends, I don't think it's a bad idea of the old man's, taking a nap. Long evening ahead. Believe I'll drift upstairs and emulate his august example."

"I think I'll come, too," his wife said in her crystally voice.

Everyone smiled at one another, and the Hilliers left.

"What's a bart?" Richard whispered.

"I think it's short for baronet, a hereditary title. You don't have to whisper."

"No, I guess I don't. Bart. I though maybe he was a poet."

Richard grinned. "How am I going so far?"

"I knew you were going to be fine. It's me who—"

"Anyway, I'm not worrying any more. It's you who what?"

"Oh, I wish I could leave!"

"Leave?" Richard said, staggered. "Hey! What's wrong?"

"I know I'm going to say something terrible and disgrace you. I know it."

"You disgrace me? Have you gone nuts?"

"It isn't funny. Oh, those people!"

"People?" he echoed, looking sharply around the empty room. "What people?"

"Him! Her! Her mostly—I mean she." She drew in a long breath. "The way she looks at me," she burst out. "As if I'm thick. As if she sees something queer about the way I— With that false smile and that false voice and—"

"You mean Jack and his—"

"Sh-h," Nora said, smiling radiantly. "Yes?"

The man in the white jacket had silently entered. "Excuse me, madam—would you and Mr. Pace like to be shown to your room?"

"Thank you," Nora said in a crystally voice. She got up, and Richard followed her and the man in the white jacket to a room on the second floor.

Richard closed the door and peered at the room. "Pretty swell," he observed. "Listen, what's all this about the—" He stared at the bed. "Who did that?" he demanded.

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West 172nd and pulled up outside the apartment.

"Mr. Pace!" exclaimed Mrs. McGill, startled by his violent entrance into the living-room. "Whatever—"

"Shoes!" Richard cried. "Is everything all right? Have to hurry—forgot my shoes. Angela all right?" He ran into his and Nora's bedroom.

"Why, she's been good as gold; very quiet and ladylike, painting and things. She's had her bath and her supper and now she's brushing her— You forgot your shoes, Mr. Pace?"

"Wrapped in tissue paper! I don't see them. Where are they?"

A small figure in pyjamas had appeared behind him, holding a dripping toothbrush. "Your shiny shoes, Daddy?" Angela asked in a muffled, drowsy voice.

"Yes, my shiny shoes! Where are they, baby?"

"I know." She led Richard and Mrs. McGill into her bedroom, dropped the toothbrush and crawled under the bed. "Here," she said, emerging with two patent-leather shoes.

But the shoes were not as Richard remembered them. They had undergone a rich change. On the toe of each there was a large reddish-purple splotch.

"Now, think of that," said Mrs. McGill, examining she shoes. "She must have done it while I was fixing supper. Angela, what did you put on the shoes?"

"Roses." Angela explained.

"Paint!" Richard shouted. He sat down on the bed and stared despairingly at the exotic shoes. "Baby, why? Why, of everything you've got to put roses on, why did you have to—but what's the use? She's put roses on them, and they've got roses on them to stay."

"Now, Mr. Pace, don't fret," Mrs. McGill said soothingly. "If that stuff's from Angela's finger-painting set, then it's supposed to wipe off with a towel and water."

"Don't you want roses on the shoes?" Angela asked, rubbing her eyes.

"Want roses on the—say," Richard said, peering at her, "let me see something." He put his hand on her forehead. "Baby, how do you feel?"

"Sleepy," she said. "And my head hurts."

"Good Lord," he whispered. "Mrs. McGill!"

"Here's the towel," Mrs. McGill said comfortably. "Now you'll see; they'll—"

"Get her in bed while I get the thermometer." He left Mrs. McGill staring, ran into the bathroom, took the thermometer from the medicine chest, and ran back. Angela was lying on her back, her blue eyes frightened.

"You know all about this funny thing," Richard said. "We just put it in your mouth for a minute and you don't even feel it—see, do you?" He winked at her. "How was she today?" he whispered to Mrs. McGill.

"Why, I told you, very quiet. She was as good as—except for the shoes."

"It isn't like her to be very quiet, and her head's burning up." He knelt by the bed and stroked Angela's blond hair, then took the thermometer and examined it under the light. "Hundred and two point three. See she keeps quiet; I'm going to get the doctor."

The doctor was not in, but was expected soon. Richard left a message for him to come the moment he returned. But if he was later than expected— He lifted the receiver again and dialled the number of Dr. Pickering, his and Nora's doctor. Dr. Pickering also was out.

Mrs. McGill tiptoed out of the bedroom. "Sleeping like a lamb. Mr. Pace, I've had four of my own, and these little upsets come and go, although, of course, one always wants to be sure, but if it was anything serious, she wouldn't have felt like painting roses on the shoes."

"Got to get a doctor," he muttered. "I ought to know another doctor. Who?"

"Look in the red thing," Mrs. McGill suggested sensibly. "Or have they changed the color? The business directory, Mr. Pace. Then you can find one in this neighborhood. Of course, Sunday, evening . . ."

He plunged into the directory. "What'd it be under? Doctor? M.D.? No. Physicians. Heavens, there's thousands." He ripped a page out. "Mrs. McGill, take this and check the first name you find in the West Hundreds while I check here."

"My glasses—now where did I put them? Oh, my goodness, Mr. Pace," said Mrs. McGill, remembering. "Your dinner party!"

"I don't give a hoot about the dinner party. Oh, here's one right in the next block." He rammed his finger around the dial. "Mrs. McGill, keep looking. Maybe he'll be out, too."

At seven-fifteen, Nora abandoned the bedroom window where she had been watching for Ernest's lights, and went downstairs. Other lights had swept up the driveway—lights too grandly brilliant to be Ernest's—and people were talking in the living-room.

Mr. Macressy, splendid and pinkly gleaming in evening clothes, was chatting with two newcomers, a small white-haired man with a seamed, testy face, and an even tinier woman, both rather dowdy. Jack and Clare Hillier were posed nearby.

Mrs. Hillier looked even more chic and delicately amused than she had looked earlier, if that was possible. "There you are," Mr. Macressy said, seeing Nora. "Sir Harry and Lady Gowan, Mrs. Pace." He peered beyond her. "Where is Richard?"

"How do you do?" Nora said; the little man and tiny woman murmured something. "Mr. Macressy, Richard is—he's been held up for a few minutes."

"I see," Mr. Macressy said. Obviously he didn't; he looked annoyed. Nora made her way to an inconspicuous corner. Jack Hillier came over to her.

"Anything wrong?" he whispered.

"No, but—please, where is there a telephone?"

"I think there's one just as you come in, in the—"

"Yes?" Mr. Macressy demanded; the man in the white jacket had appeared. Mr. Macressy listened to him and turned to Nora. "Mrs. Pace, call for you. Phone's to your right in the hall."

"Oh, thank you," Nora said.

The telephone was in a little

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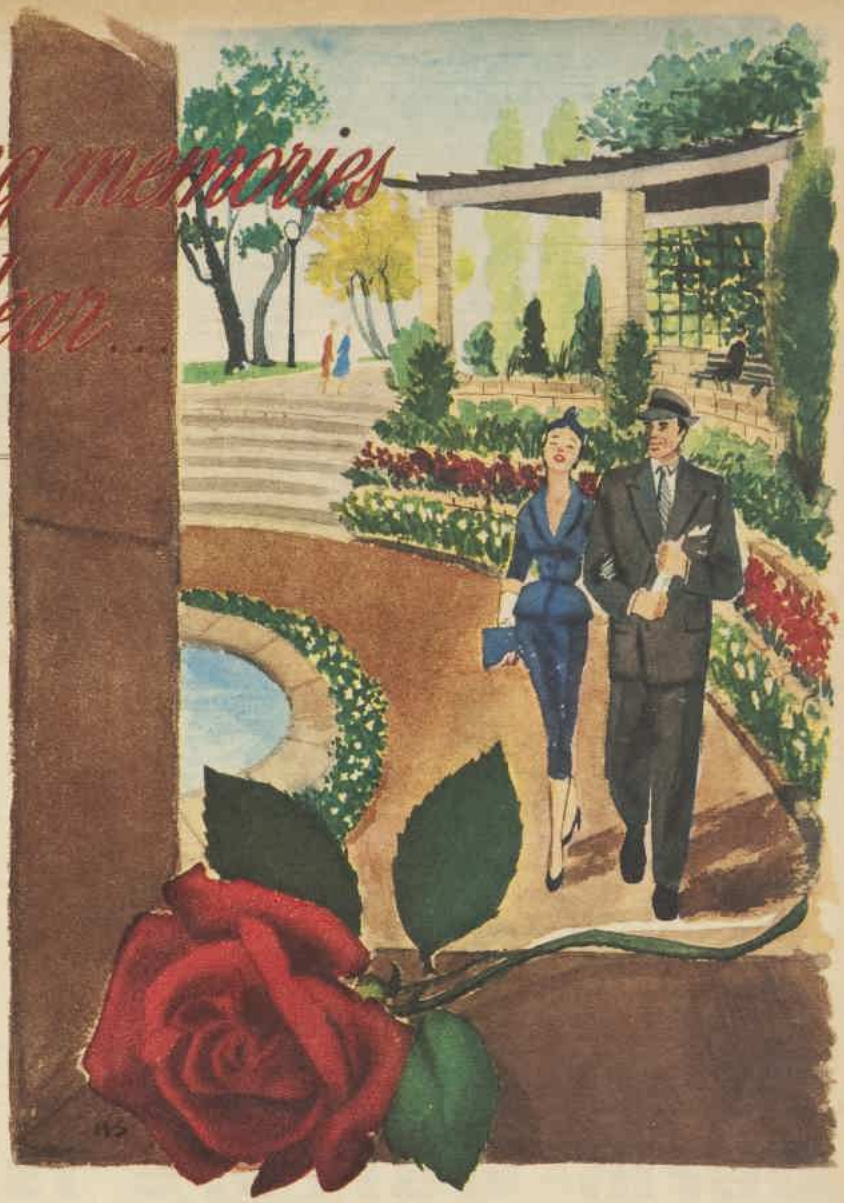

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Continuing . . . . Sunday at 8

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booth with a door. The receiver lay there like a deadly weapon. She closed her eyes. Please, she whispered, don't let him be hurt. It's my fault, because I could have stopped him, but I didn't. Instead, I was worrying about those people and what they'd think and if it'd mean Richard wouldn't get the job because he'd look foolish and absent-minded.

If I'd told him I didn't care what they thought and didn't care about the job and laughed about it and told them it was my fault he forgot the shoes, he wouldn't have gone. So if anyone should be hurt, it's me.

She picked up the receiver. "Yes?" she said.

"Now, listen," Richard's voice said gaily, "this is funny. Did I get myself into a mess!"

"Oh, Richard, Richard, have you—"

"I have not had an accident. I'm at home. Push-face, you going to shut and listen? With all the traffic, I didn't get here till almost seven. Then—"

"Thank goodness you're all right. Is Angela all right?" she asked lightly.

"Push-face, she's sleeping like a lamb. You know that spring in Ernest's front seat I've been meaning to get fixed? Well, I forgot about it, and I guess it must have got caught on me—when I got out it ripped the seat clean out."

"Ripped Ernest's seat out?"

"My seat," he explained merrily. "Seat of my pants. Mrs. McGill says she'll try sewing it up, but she says it isn't going to look any too sharp."

"Poor darling," Nora said. "Let me talk to Mrs. McGill. I'll tell her where my sewing things are."

"No, listen, Push-face. I've been thinking—I don't want to show up there with my pants looking like, well, looking like what they'll look like, so I'm going to skip it."

"Skip it?"

"Stay here. Jack lives in town, he'll drive you back when they leave. You tell Mr. Macressy everything that's happened—shoes and pants and everything. It ought to give him a laugh." He chuckled. "All right?"

"Of course it's all right."

"That's fine." He let out a long breath. "Now you have a good time."

"Yes, darling, of course."

"It's all pretty funny, isn't it? I mean, forgetting the shoes and then ripping my pants?" He chuckled again. "Goodbye, Push-face. See you later."

Richard heard the click as she put down the receiver. He replaced his and returned to Physicians.

"Why did you have to tell her all that pants fiddle-faddle?" Mrs. McGill asked. "Why, Mr. Pace, of course I could sew up your pants so no one would notice, but how can I if there isn't any rip in your pants?"

She peered at him sharply. "Or is there?"

"No, there isn't," Richard said. "Mrs. McGill, please, I'm trying to—"

"Then why tell fibs about pants instead of telling her—"

"Tell her I'm sitting here trying to get a doctor when Angela's got a fever of a hundred and—did it sound all right?" he asked anxiously. "I mean, did it sound like a good reason why I can't come back?"

"But you can go back, Mr. Pace, as soon as the doctor comes and you find out it isn't anything but a little cold or—"

"You think I'd go back with her sick? No, but I mean, do you think Nora believed me?"

"Why, you even had me looking at your pants," said Mrs. McGill. "Mr. Pace, it's no use worrying, the doctor's bound to be here soon."

. . . .

Nora had found the local taxi-service number in the book on the shelf beside the telephone when someone spoke close behind her. "Mrs. Pace?"

It was Clare Hillier. "Yes?" Nora said with a bright smile.

"Has something happened?"

"Oh, it's just too silly. Richard forgot his shoes and drove back to get them, and then he tore his trousers."

Mrs. Hillier glanced at the open telephone book. "So you're going to get a taxi to go back to sew up his trousers?"

"Why," Nora said. "I thought I'd—" She put her finger on the taxi-service number, and the page shook a little.

"You don't know how you look," Clare Hillier said. "Not like someone whose husband needs her just to sew up his trousers." She paused. "Nora, won't you tell me what it really is? Maybe I can help."

Nora stared at her. "I didn't like you," she said miserably, "and now you want to help me!"

"My heavens, I don't blame you for not liking me. I didn't like myself. It's terrible, but I can't help it, I always seem to act in that horrible affected way when I'm scared to death."

"You weren't scared to death!"

"Jack's been fretting so much about today he had me so nervous I was paralysed. Didn't you hear what I said down in that room just after you came? 'Mr. Macressy's Martinis are really perfectly,' I said. I've been brooding about it ever since."

She put her hand on Nora's. "Tell me what's happened, please."

"Yes, I will," Nora said. "Oh, I hate myself for thinking what I thought about you! It's Angela."

"Your baby? Is she sick? Is that what he called about?"

"Oh, no, he didn't, but I know she is, because—because," Nora said, "he called me 'Push-face.' It's his pet name for me, because of my nose turning up the way it does, but I know he never calls me it except when he's worried to death and doesn't want me to know and worry, too—except he doesn't know he doesn't, so he doesn't know he's giving himself away—that's how I know. Do you see?"

"Well," Clare Hillier said gently, "not exactly. Tell me again."

"I was visiting Mother's once, and Angela had eaten something and was sick, and I called Richard and he said, 'Push-face, everything's fine.' But he wouldn't lie to me. He didn't say Angela is fine; he said everything is fine, and when I asked him now if Angela was all right, he said she's sleeping like a lamb, but not that she was all right.

"Then when I asked him to let me talk to Mrs. McGill, because I knew I could get her to tell the truth, he changed the subject. If she'd been able to get a doctor he'd have told me, but it's Sunday night—doctors have to go out sometime—so I know he's been trying to and can't and—"

"Get your coat," Clare Hillier said. "We'll be there in half an hour."

"You mean you'll—?"

"Of course. In our French mosquito."

"But the dinner party!"

"Who cares about the dinner party? Get your coat!"

"Ladies," asked a resonant voice, "what's going on?" Massive and perturbed, Mr. Macressy marched towards them. "What is all this about Richard? Where is he? Taken ill?" He frowned. "Aren't I entitled to an explanation?"

"I was just coming to tell you," said Clare Hillier calmly. "It isn't Richard; it's their little girl who's been taken sick. Richard's there trying to get a doctor."

"Trying to get a doctor?" Mr. Macressy raised his voice within his invisible barrel. "Harry!" he shouted.

"Yes, Will?" The little man with the testy face appeared. "What is it?"

"This child's daughter is ill, and they seem to be having trouble getting a doctor. What can we do about it?"

"That's easy to answer," the little man said. "Where?"

"In town—half-hour's drive. Mind delaying your dinner?"

"Really, Will! Where's your car?"

"Outside. Now what is it?" Mr. Macressy demanded, peering at Nora's dazed face and feebly moving lips. "Trying to tell me you won't have us disturbing ourselves? My dear girl, you coudn't keep me here if you tried, and as for Harry, you can't keep an old war-horse from the scene of battle."

"Old war-horse?" she whispered.

"Old war-horse. But of course, I didn't tell you, did I? Let me see now, Harry, why was it they stuck the handle on your name? No, wait, I remember. Weren't you one of the princess' doctors when they were little?"

"Are we not wasting time with all this talk?" the little man said severely.

. . . .

They were all picking up their bags and coats and hats and shaking hands when the apartment door opened. In the silence that fell over the crowded living-room Mrs. McGill's voice was heard clearly, speaking to herself.

"It will be another of them," she said with conviction. "I know it."

"What is this?" Mr. Maccressy asked. "A party?"

"A *consultation*, perhaps," the little man remarked, having observed the black bags. "How is the patient, gentlemen?"

"Consultation? You mean all these people are doctors?"

"Doctors," Richard said in a harried voice. He looked at the newcomers bewilderedly. "But why— Nora, let me ex—"

He ran after her into Angela's room. "Baby, it's only a cold coming on; the first doctor said he's sure that's all it is; and then when I tried to call you to tell you, you'd already gone, and then the other five came almost all at once because they were all out when I called first and I left messages for them to come and forgot to call back to— But how did you know?"

She dabbed her eyes. "I knew. Richard, I've been so stupid and—"

"Is it another doctor?" inquired Angela, sitting up.

"But why did Mr. Macressy come," Richard said, "and Jack and his wife, and that little man and—"

"The little man came because he's a doctor, and the little woman because she's his wife and said she might be able to help, and Clare and Jack because—just because they're nice. And Mr. Macressy because—"

"I guess he's sore as a boil." He grinned ruefully. "I certainly messed things up."

"You did not! He is not! If you'd heard him, in the car! He knew I was worried and he was trying to cheer me up, telling me how much he thinks of you, and what a success you're going to be in the new job, and Jack, too, because it isn't one job; it's two.

"He was keeping it as a surprise to make a toast to both of you at dinner, and he wanted all of us to meet the little man and his wife because the junior executives have to go over to England sometimes and he said there isn't anyone to have as friends in England better than the little man and his wife—and I know that's true."

Nora took his handkerchief and blew her nose. "See what I've learned?" she said, sniffling happily. "The only reason you don't like people is because you don't really know them."

The young Paces stared in silence at this important truth.

"Richard!" Mr. Macressy said excitedly from the doorway. "All the doctors are buzzing around old Harry like a bunch of kids; seems they've all heard of him. Richard, what about getting them all a drink or something? Can't let them go without giving them something, can we?"

"Why—why, sure, Mr. Macressy," Richard said. "I'll get some—"

"I'll keep 'em entertained while you're fixing it," said Mr. Macressy, glowing pinkly. "Wait a minute, Richard. This explorer sees the wombat, and then he says—what is it he says, Richard?"

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MANY VARIETIES OF TULIPS are grown in colorful splendor in the Keukenhof garden, in the little town of Lisse, 15 miles north of The Hague, which is famous for its bulbs. The bulbs are planted beneath the trees and at the height of the spring season make a gorgeous contrast to the delicate spring green of the trees.

Bulbs for spring

The most spectacular part of the spring garden display comes from bulbs—the lovely daffodils, tulips, hyacinths, snowflakes, lachenalias, grape hyacinths, bluebells, ranunculi and anemones, ixias and their close relatives, and the sweet-scented freesias.

THERE are many other bulbs, but these are the most popular. Daffodils and jonquils had an article to themselves a few weeks ago, so they won't be discussed in detail here.

Tulips make a brilliant show in mountain districts where soil is deep and the climate cool to cold. For the finest display, plant one variety in a mass, as in a mixture different flowering times may spoil the timing of the flowering. Forget-me-nots, violas or pansies planted as ground cover between the bulbs complete a lovely display.

Best quality tulip bulbs are round and walnut-sized. Plant them no deeper than three to four inches in well-prepared beds in which rotted manure has been incorporated. In the absence of manure, a tablespoonful of complete fertiliser should be placed below the bulb, avoiding direct contact or the bulb may rot. Bulbs should be about five inches apart, and well firmed down.

Tulips and hyacinths, too, both like a topdressing of lime when the shoots are through the ground.

It is imperative to lift tulips each year as soon as the foliage dies.

Hyacinths are the most fragrant of the bulbs. There are many varieties, both single and double, varying through all shades of blue, pink-red, mauve-purple, white, and even yellow.

When buying hyacinth bulbs see that they are deep rather than flat, with a well-defined neck and shoulder, free from softness and partly decayed scales.

Plant them in well-prepared soil about three to four inches deep. As with tulips and any other bulbs, place any fertiliser below the bulb and not in contact with it.

After flowering, let the bulbs die down naturally—don't cut off half-dead leaves as at this period the plant is building its flower for next year. Lift the bulbs each year, as summer heat may kill them in the bed.

Snowflakes, or, as they are commonly called in Australia, "snowdrops," are the real harbingers of spring, since they start pushing up their sheathed buds in about mid-winter. A sunny sheltered aspect is best for them.

Lachenalias are another favorite. They look best at the edge of a bed, standing up in serried ranks like soldiers in orange or yellow uniforms. Some of them have red, green, or purple markings on the foliage. A double or triple row gives the best effect.

The bulbs should be planted about one inch deep and two inches apart in soil which has been enriched with rotted animal manure or a sprinkling of blood and bone. They multiply very rapidly and are very hardy.

GARDENING

For those who love blue flowers, grape hyacinths or scillas (bluebells) massed to form a blue carpet are exquisite. If a group of blossom trees are close by, the result is breathtaking. Grape hyacinths do best in an open situation, and scillas like a bit of light shade. They, too, multiply quickly.

Ranunculi and anemones are available in an amazing color range, and make a colorful display. They are easily raised from seed, which germinates quickly. Sow late in summer in rich, friable soil. Keep seedlings watered and free from weeds and plant out in April-May, spacing them three to four inches apart.

The plants will flower the first year if properly looked after, and will form bulbs for replanting the next year.

If preferred, bulbs can be purchased. Set the strangely shaped ranunculus bulb two inches deep, with claws pointing downwards; anemones should be planted one to two inches deep. Both like good rich soil.

Ixias, sparaxis, and babianas are ideal for planting through your lawns. Any soil or situation seems to do, provided they don't get too much water in summer.

Lastly there are freesias—the old-fashioned, cream, heavenly scented ones and the newer hybrids which come in all shades of pink, red, mauve, and yellow. They are hardy, growing anywhere and multiplying quickly.

Many of these bulbs can be grown satisfactorily in pots.

Culture is much the same as in the open except that each bulb can be used only once in a pot, after which it should be transferred to the garden.

There are two ways of growing bulbs in pots. The first is like any other pot plant. Ensure good drainage with crocks in the bottom of the pot, and then prepare a rich soil mixture. Fill the pot with this to such a level that the top of the bulb will be covered with about an inch of soil.

Select big firm bulbs, allowing six daffodils or hyacinths to an eight-inch pot, five for a six-inch, and so on. More bulbs of smaller types like lachenalias or grape hyacinths can be used, or smaller pots may be preferred.

Keep the pots in a dark place for three weeks to ensure good root development, and then move them into the sunshine.

The second method is to use undrained pots and grow the bulbs in fibre, which can be purchased ready prepared. Bulbs are placed near the bottom of the pot, and the fibre kept slightly moistened. Culture is the same as for drained pots.

As soon as flowering has finished, pot-grown bulbs should be transplanted into the garden, being disturbed as little as possible in the process.

Whether you live in a small flat or own a big garden, you can have spring flowers with very little trouble. Your bulbs will give you tremendous pleasure.

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Continuing . . . . Detection Unlimited

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Biggleswade could have heard me shooting, not from where he was sitting! Because when he came in to tell Mum how he'd been talking to you, which he did, right away, he told her where he'd been sitting when he heard the shot, and Mum says his own daughter told him not to talk so silly, because he couldn't have heard it, not all that way off. And it stands to reason he didn't, sir, because if he heard one shot, why didn't he hear all the others?"

Hemingway pulled open a drawer in the desk, and took from it the sketch-plan of Thornden. "Where was he sitting?" he asked. "Come and show me!"

Reg obediently got up and stared at the plan over the Chief Inspector's shoulder. It took him a minute or two to grasp it. Then he said: "Well, sir, it's a bit difficult, because this doesn't show the trees, and the paths, and that, on the common. Only the gorse bushes beside Fox Lane. There's some trees just beyond them, about here." He laid a finger on the plan, a little to the north-east of the gorse-clump.

"Between the bushes and the gravel-pit. Yes, I saw them. And beyond them the ground falls away, doesn't it?"

"That's right, sir. You get a view over the common from there, and there's a seat, and a path leading to it. Mr. Biggleswade said he was sitting there, and I daresay he was, because it's the walk he always takes. And you can see for yourself it's a long way off the gravel-pit." He paused, a frown of deep concentration on his brow.

"What's more, if he had heard me shooting, he must have known which side of him I was, and he's gone and said I was firing in the very opposite direction to what I was! He must be getting barmy! But what I think, sir, is that he never heard anything, and he only said he did because of seeing me with the rifle, and wanting to get into the papers."

"Where did he see you?"

"Well, it was along the path I told you about, sir. It sort of runs into Fox Lane nearly opposite Miss Patterdale's house."

"And what made you go all that way round to get home when you could have done it in half the time walking straight across the common from the pit?" asked Hemingway.

Reg blushed, and replied guiltily: "Well, sir—being as it was the Reverend's gun— Well, what I mean is, it's all open in that part of the common, besides the cricket ground—and a Saturday afternoon, too, with people about—so I thought better to go round where I wouldn't be likely to meet anyone."

"Only you met Biggleswade. And when he asked you what you were up to with a rifle you cheeked him and ran off. Now, it didn't seem to me that he's one who sets much store by the law, so what made you so scared of him?"

"I wasn't—not exactly, sir! Well, I wouldn't have been if it wasn't for Alfie. Alfie went and played a trick on Mr. Biggleswade the other day, and he was fair hopping, and he's such a spiteful old devil I thought he might easily go and make trouble with the Reverend, or even Mr. Hobkirk, just to get back on us!" said Reg in a burst of candor.

"I see. That's about all I want from you at the moment, then. You'd better get off to your work—and see you don't go breaking the law again, my lad!"

WITH a gasp of relief, Reg made for the door, nearly colliding with Inspector Harbottle, who came into the office at that moment. The sight of the Inspector's stern countenance quite unnerved him; he stammered something unintelligible, and fairly fled from so quelling a presence.

The inspector shut the door. "Is that young Ditchling? You seem to have shaken him up good and proper, sir!"

"Not me! He took one look at you and thought you were the public hangman, and I'm sure I'm not surprised. Is that the report I'm waiting for?"

"Just come in," said Harbottle, handing him a sealed envelope.

Hemingway tore it open and drew out the single sheet it contained, and spread it open. "Not a sausage!" he said assimilating its message.

"You mean to tell me, sir, that not one of the rifles we've tested is the one we're after?"

"Not one!" said Hemingway cheerfully. "What's more, I don't need a comparing microscope to convince me the vicar's rifle isn't the right one, either. It'll have to be tested, of course, but you can put it out of your head, Horace! If every witness was as honest as that kid you saw, you'd be a Chief Inspector instead of stooging round with me, and thinking how much better you could do the job yourself!"

"I don't," said Harbottle, his rare smile flickering across his face. "But if the fatal shot wasn't fired from any of the rifles we've pulled in, nor yet from the one you have now, then it seems to me that we shall have to pull in some of the others which you wouldn't even let me tell you about!"

"We may," agreed Hemingway. "On the other hand, we may not. I'm beginning to get some funny ideas about this case, Horace. However, there'll be time enough to tell you what they are when we've attended the inquest." He glanced at his watch. "Which we'd better be thinking about," he added. "What will you bet me the deputy-coroner will be playing to capacity?"

"If he is, people will be disappointed," said Harbottle. "I suppose you'll ask for an adjournment pretty quick on the doctor's evidence?"

"I probably will," said Hemingway. "It all depends."

. . . . . .

The Chief Inspector was right. As he and Harbottle elbowed their way through the throng of persons seeking admission to the courtroom, he said, over his shoulder: "What did I tell you? Turning them away at the doors!"

Inside the Chief Constable said: "Bound to be like that. Half Bellingham's here. Silly fools! What do they think they're going to hear?"

Hemingway, scanning the audience, made no reply. Half Bellingham might be present, but Thornden was scantily represented. Neither the Ainstables nor the Lindales had apparently thought it worth while to attend the inquest, and of Gavin Plenmeller there was no sign.

Major and Mrs. Midgeholme were seated beside Mr. Drybeck, and Mr. Haswell had found a place not far from them. Possibly he had come to hear his son give evidence.

Charles, who was suffering from a strong sense of ill-usage, had brought Mavis, Abby, and Miss Patterdale from Thornden in his dashing sports car. So incensed was he with Abby for electing to accompany Mavis on her shopping expedition on the previous afternoon, rather than to have run down to the coast with him, as had been (he insisted) arranged, that he had invited Miss Patterdale to occupy the front seat in his car, and had even gone so far as to say that he didn't know why Abby wanted to attend the inquest at all.

But Mavis, who (he savagely whispered to Miss Patterdale) had got herself up to look like a French widow, said gently that she had asked Abby to go with her, so there was nothing more to be said about that.

When he shepherded his party into the courtroom those

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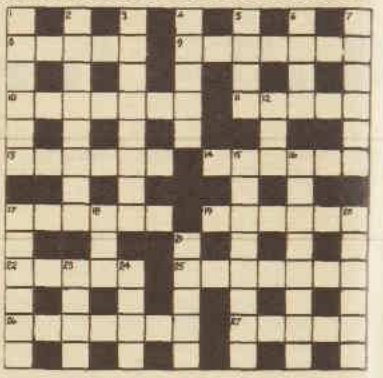
"It was pretty dull, didn't see a single shark."

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

8. Pacifies, mainly with charitable donations (5).
9. This Spanish grass could be for paper-making (7).
10. Issue from a tee man (7).
11. From one's birth in Africa (5).
13. Short medical officer with a bitter fluid is not fixed (6).
14. Godmother from Scotland (6).
17. Trade marks with a strip of leather in the middle (6).
19. Venus loved this good-looking young man (6).
22. Football for any school, but specially for one (5).
25. Set free concerning a contract (7).
26. Write on the back, starting with the end (7).
27. Less erroneous, yet full of repentance (5).

Solution will be published next week.

A	R	C	H	A	N	G	E	L		C	O	D		
N		O		D		I		O		T		A		
S	T	R	U	M		F	L	U	S	T	E	R		
W		N		I		T		O		R		K		
E	R	E	C	T	I	O	N		H	O	S	E		
R		R		T		F		A		N		N		
			G	E	N	T	I	L	E					
S		C		D		O		I		L		U		
A	L	O	E		S	N	I	G	G	E	R	S		
M		N		B		G		H		N		A		
P	A	R	V	E	N	U		T	I	T	A	N		
L		A		A		E		E		E		C		
E	N	D		R	E	S	I	D	E	N	C	E		

Solution to last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Piercing cry mainly on the top of milk (6).
2. A castle in Spain, but not a visionary project proved by the ham it contains (8).
3. Overwhelmed a donkey with trouble for a start (8).
4. Beautiful wife of Menelaus (5).
5. Reversed afterthought in whirl (4).
6. Medico at bother (4).
7. Fowl in which steam is made (6).
12. I am, it could be purpose (3).
15. Wavy, the second half is not on time (8).
16. A writ for a chap on a causeway followed by you and I (8).
17. Exchange mainly by a short baronet (6).
18. Head the back of which is good in France (3).
20. Takes an oath and uses most of it as clothes (6).
21. Avarice (5).
23. Goes about idly (4).
24. Story for rope making (4).

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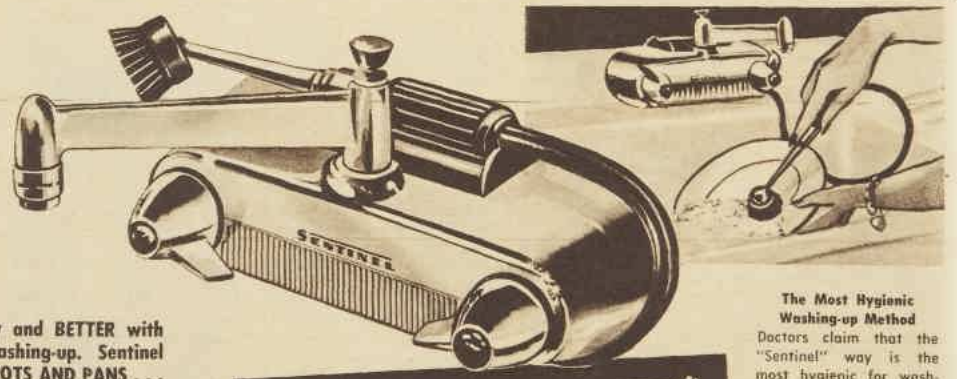

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who had come into Bellingham on the omnibus were already ensconced in front-row seats. Besides Mr. Drybeck and the Midgeholmes, these included Mr. Biggleswade, and the late Mr. Warrenby's cook-general, a sharp-eyed damsel with tow-colored hair cut in the style adopted by her favorite film-star.

Gladys, a good cook and a hard worker, was known to be a treasure, but she was also one of those who believed in sticking up for her rights. Not even her late employer had ever been permitted to encroach on these, and since he was well aware of the difficulty of getting servants to live in quiet villages, and set a high value on Gladys' culinary skill, he had been content, after one attempt to subjugate her, to rate Mavis for being unable to manage the household better.

Typically, Gladys considered it to be her unquestionable right to attend the inquest, and when Mavis had shown reluctance to grant her leave off in the middle of the morning she had spoken so ominously about the unsettled state of her feelings ever since Mr. Warrenby's death that Mavis had hastily retracted her first refusal. An attempt on her part to convince Gladys that nice girls did not wish to attend sensational inquests failed entirely.

"Well, it's only natural, isn't it?" Gladys had said.

"I don't think it is, Gladys. I'd give anything not to have to go."

"You'll enjoy it all right once you get there, miss." Gladys had replied, briskly stacking the breakfast-china in a cupboard. "'Tisn't as though Mr. Warrenby was any loss."

"He is a great loss to me," Mavis had said in a repressive tone.

"Well, it's quite proper you should say that, miss," had been the paralysing response. "It wouldn't hardly be decent not to, being as he's left you all his money. But I know what I know, and many's the time I've wondered why ever you put up with him and his nasty, bullying ways."

It was hardly surprising, after this, that Mavis had retreated from the kitchen, leaving her henchwoman mistress of the field.

The deputy-coroner was a chubby little man with white hair, pink cheeks, and a general air of cosiness. It was plain to Inspector Harbottle, resigning himself, that he would conduct the inquest at unnecessary length and entirely to his own satisfaction.

From the point of view of the audience, as Hemingway said in his assistant's ear, Mavis Warrenby was the biggest draw.

Whether she was conscious of the stir her appearance created it was impossible to guess, for she conducted herself just as a heroine should, bravely, modestly, and with enough sensibility to win not only the sympathy of the mob, but also that of the coroner, who handled her with the greatest tenderness, assuring her several times that he appreciated how painful it must be for her to be obliged to give her evidence.

She was followed by young Mr. Haswell, who had been so much revolted by a performance which he freely described, in a whisper to Abby, as ham, that when the coroner, by way of putting things on the friendly footing he apparently desired, repeated his remark about the painful aspect of having to describe what he had seen in the garden of Fox House, Charles replied with the utmost cordiality: "Oh, no, not a bit, sir! I don't mind!"

He then told the court, with admirable brevity, just how he had found the dead man, and what his own actions had been. Chief Inspector Hemingway then provided everyone with a mild thrill by rising to his feet and putting a question to him.

"When you went into the study to use the telephone, did you touch anything on the desk?"

"No, only the telephone," Charles replied. "I took care not to. There was a mess of papers and things all over it."

"Did you see anything to make you think someone might have looked for anything on, or in, the desk?"

"No," Charles said unhesitatingly. "When I said a mess I meant only the sort of muddle of papers you'd expect if a man had been working there. It looked to me, from the way the chair had been pushed back and the fountain-pen left lying on the blotter, as though Mr. Warrenby had left the room rather suddenly and meant to return."

"Now, what do you mean by that?" asked the coroner chattily.

Charles glanced at him. "Well, just that, sir. It was a blazing hot day and that room had had the sun on it for hours. It was pretty hot still when I was in it. I thought, from what I've told you, and from the fact that Mr. Warrenby was wearing morocco slippers, and had a clip of papers at his feet, that he'd strolled out for a breath of air. That's all."

THE Chief Inspector sat down, and the coroner told Charles that he might leave the box. Dr. Warcop was summoned to take his place. The Chief Inspector leaned across his assistant to speak to Sergeant Carsethorn. "Who's the blonde sitting three from the end of the row behind us, next to a fat girl in blue?"

The sergeant turned his head and was able to identify the blonde as Gladys Mitcham, cook-general at Fox House. Hemingway nodded and sat back. Inspector Harbottle asked softly: "What is it, Chief?"

"Something young Haswell said made her sit up. Looked as though, for two pins, she'd have chipped in," replied Hemingway briefly.

"Are you going to ask for an adjournment?"

"Soon as the doctors have had their innings. The police surgeon won't keep us long; he's all right. This old dodderer will hold the stage for as long as he's allowed to from the looks of him."

This prophecy was soon found to have been correct. Dr. Warcop proved to be the worst kind of medical witness, and he seemed to be laboring under the delusion that he was addressing a class of students.

Since he had been prevented by an emergency call from one of his more valued patients from assisting at the autopsy, even the coroner, himself a talkative man, felt that his evidence might have been compressed into a very few sentences. He was extremely pompous, and when asked by the Chief Inspector if he could state the approximate time of the murdered man's death he explained at great length, and with many scientific terms, why it was impossible for him—or, he dared to add, for anyone—to pronounce with certainty on this point.

He then perceived that his colleague, Dr. Rotherhope, was gazing abstractedly at the ceiling, a smile of dreamy pleasure on his face, and he said with meaning emphasis that he had had many years of experience and had learnt the danger of asserting as incontrovertible facts statements which, in his humble opinion, were open to doubt. He was prepared to enlarge on this theme, but was balked by the Chief Inspector, who, cutting in neatly when he paused to draw breath, said: "Thank you, doctor," and sat down.

"Er — yes, thank you very much, doctor!" said the coroner, as Dr. Warcop turned towards him with the evident intention of continuing his lecture. "That's quite clear: more than a quarter of an hour, but less than an hour, you think. If the Chief Inspector has no further questions he wishes to put to you we need not keep you any longer."

Dr. Rotherhope rose briskly to his feet as his name was called.

His evidence was brief, technical, and, to the general public, very uninteresting. The Chief Inspector asked him no questions, but the coroner was inspired to ask if he was able to give an opinion on the probable time of Warrenby's death.

Dr. Rotherhope was swift to seize the opportunity. "No sir," he replied. "A considerable time had, unfortunately, elapsed before I saw the body."

He then stood down, bearing the appearance of a man who considered the morning not wholly wasted, and the Chief Inspector rose to ask for an adjournment.

Colonel Scales, seeking him a few minutes later, found only Inspector Harbottle, who said in answer to his inquiry: "I don't know where he is, sir. He slid out of the court as soon as he'd asked for an adjournment and he didn't tell me where he was going, though I fancy I know what he was after. Did you want to see him for anything special, sir?"

"No, only to ask whether he's had the report on those bullets."

"Yes, sir, it came through this morning. None of the markings correspond at all."

"Oh! That's disappointing. What does he mean to do now?"

"I can't tell you that, sir. He didn't say, but I don't think he's disappointed."

"Well, I daresay I shall be seeing him later," said the colonel, passing on.

Sergeant Carsethorn said: "What did he slip off so quickly for?"

"From what I know of him, he went to intercept that fair girl — Warrenby's cook. He's probably standing her fruit sundaes in some teashop by this time," replied the Inspector caustically.

"Whatever for?" demanded Carsethorn, staring.

"To get her to talk. She looked like the sort that shuts up like a clam the instant you start to ask a few straight questions, and this I will say for the Chief: to hear him getting people to tell him every last thing he wants to know, and a lot more besides, is a downright education!"

"I can see he's got a way with him," agreed the sergeant. Then, seeing Mrs. Midgeholme bearing down upon them, effaced himself.

Mrs. Midgeholme, like Colonel Scales, wanted the Chief Inspector. Unlike the colonel, she expressed her dissatisfaction at not finding him. She said that she particularly wished to drop a word in his ear.

"Well, madam, if you can to step across the road to the police station you can tell me whatever it is you wish the Chief Inspector to know, and I'll see he does know it," offered Harbottle.

Mrs. Midgeholme betrayed an unflattering reluctance to accept him as a substitute. "I'd rather speak to the Chief Inspector," she said.

"Just as you wish, madam," said Harbottle, unmoved.

"When do you expect him back?" she asked.

"I couldn't say at all, madam."

"Oh, dear, that's most awkward!"

Major Midgeholme, who was looking harassed, said:

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Continuing . . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 53

"We ought to be getting along, Flora, or we shall miss the bus. Really, you know, I don't think it's necessary for you to meddle in what isn't our business."

This intervention was, in the inspector's opinion, unfortunate, for it had the effect of strengthening Mrs. Midgeholme in her resolve.

"No, Lion!" she said firmly. "It is every citizen's duty to help the police as much as they can. Besides, I think it only right that he should be put on his guard. If you're quite sure there's no chance of my being able to see the Chief Inspector himself, I suppose I'd better give you a message for him," she added to Harbottle. "Don't wait for me, Lion! I shall come out on the later bus."

She then accompanied the inspector to the police station, informing him on the way that only her sense of duty had brought her to Bellingham, one of her most valuable Pekingese having produced her first litter during the night. She proceeded to enlarge on her subject in detail, to all of which the inspector said, as he ushered her into Hemingway's temporary office, "Yes, madam?"

He then put forward a chair for her and himself sat down behind the desk, drawing a sheet of official paper towards him and unscrewing the cap from his fountain-pen.

"Of course I'm not making a statement, exactly," said Mrs. Midgeholme, impressed by these preparations. "Not that I mind having what I say taken down."

But in the event the inspector found it unnecessary to take any notes at all.

"As soon as I found out what was going on," said Mrs. Midgeholme, plunging into the middle of her disclosures. "I made up my mind that the Chief Inspector ought to know about it. Apart from anything else I feel responsible for that poor girl. I might be her mother!"

"Are you speaking of Miss Warrenby?" asked Harbottle.

"Good gracious, whom else should I be speaking about? There she is, alone in the world, and I call it absolutely wicked! Mind you, I've never liked Thaddeus Drybeck, but that he would go about casting suspicion on an innocent girl I did not think! Believe it or not, that's what he's doing! He's been prying round Thornden, asking all sorts of questions, and trying to make out a case against the child! He even asked me things, because, of course, I do know Miss Warrenby better than anyone else does, and I won't deny I could tell you a lot of things about that household and the disgraceful way Sampson Warrenby treated his niece. If she weren't a saint she'd never have put up with it!

"But you know what it is with people like that! — they never have any sense! Which is another thing I want to speak to the Chief Inspector about, because anyone could impose on Miss Warrenby — anyone! But as for Thaddeus Drybeck, words fail me!"

The inspector, placing no dependence on this statement, waited for her to continue.

"When I found out what he was up to—collecting information about all the times Warrenby was absolutely brutal to her, and trying to prove by time and measurements, and I don't know what beside, that she could have shot her uncle—well, I didn't hesitate to tell him what I thought of him! 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I said to him, and I should have said a good deal more if I'd known then what I know now! Would you believe it?—he actually had the impertinence to pump Gladys! She's Miss Warrenby's cook, and I know this for a fact, because she was on the same bus this morning, and she told me with her own lips! I don't know when I've been so shocked!

"'Well!' I said, and I decided then and there that it was my bounden duty to put the Chief Inspector on his guard. For it's nothing but spite! Thaddeus Drybeck is one of those old bachelors who never have a good word to say for the modern generation. You must warn the Chief Inspector not to believe a word he says!"

"Very well, madam," said Harbottle. "But it isn't at all necessary. If I may say so, you've no need to worry."

"It's all very well for you to say that," argued Mrs. Midgeholme, "but he is a lawyer, and if you can't believe what a lawyer tells you, I ask you, who are you going to believe?" She paused in a challenging way, but the inspector proffered no suggestion.

NOTHING daunted, Mrs. Midgeholme pursued her subject. "Now I say it's just spite, because, to my mind, Drybeck's too much of an old woman to have shot Warrenby himself, though I've no doubt he'd have liked to. Abby Dearham—she's Miss Patterdale's niece—believes he did it and is trying to divert suspicion from himself, but although I must say she's worked it out really very cleverly, somehow I can't credit it. No. The longer I live, the more certain I am that my own theory is the right one. It was Ladislas. It's no use talking to me about the time being wrong; I don't know anything about that, but what I do know is that he's double-faced. There's no other word for it."

"I daresay," replied the inspector. "In my experience a lot more people are than you'd think. In any case—"

"Wait!" commanded Mrs. Midgeholme. "Before any of this happened it was common talk that he was running after Miss Warrenby. He's a handsome young man, if you admire that foreign type, and, of course, there's no denying that the poor girl took a fancy to him. Well, it's not to be wondered at, because she isn't attractive to men usually, and I daresay she was flattered. I think he's an adventurer. He must have guessed, if he didn't know it for a fact, that she would come into money when her uncle died. So if that isn't a motive for murdering him—I don't know what is! And no sooner is Warrenby dead than what do you think Ladislas does? Pretends he was never interested in Miss Warrenby!

"He was at the Red Lion yesterday—a thing he hardly ever does, I may tell you!—trying to make everyone believe that nonsense! My husband said it was really quite ridiculous and merely made people think he was badly frightened. Well, I might not have made anything much of that if it hadn't been for what I discovered after dinner."

"What was that?" inquired the inspector mechanically.

"I happened to ring Miss Warrenby up and that maid of hers answered the call. And what do you think she said?"

"I don't know."

"She said she thought Miss Warrenby was sitting in the summer-house — you wouldn't know it: it's at the bottom of the garden at the back of the house—talking to Mr. Ladislas! You could have knocked me down with a feather! After all that fine talk of his, sneaking off when he knew no one would be about to visit Miss Warrenby! I just told Gladys not to bother and rang off, and made up my mind that the thing to do was to report it to the Chief Inspector."

"I'll tell him, madam," said Harbottle, bent on getting rid of her. "As soon as he comes in, and I'm sure he'll be very grateful to you."

"I only hope he does something!" said Mrs. Midgeholme, beginning, to his relief, to collect her gloves and handbag.

Ten minutes after her departure Hemingway walked in.

"You've missed seeing Mrs. Midgeholme," Harbottle told him.

"That's something to be thankful for. What did she want?"

"To help you do your job. I was very near to telling her you'd gone off with a blonde."

"It's a good thing you didn't. She's a blonde herself. I was right about Gladys: young Haswell did make her sit up. She's got her head screwed on the right way, has Gladys. She says that if the late Warrenby was sitting in the garden with his slippers on it must have been something highly unexpected which took him out of the house."

"Why?" demanded Harbottle.

"Seems it was one of his idiosyncrasies. Another was never going out without a hat. Gladys, not having been on the scene of the crime, and not having seen the photographs either, doesn't know that he had no hat on when he was shot, which is where I have the advantage of her."

"I believe the bit about the hat," said the inspector reflectively. "There's a lot of men never stir a step out of doors without a hat on. My old father's one of them. I don't see why he shouldn't have gone out in his slippers unless the ground was wet, which we know it can't have been."

"Oh, well—once a man gets it into his head that something is a fatal thing to do, it gets to be an obsession with him. Gladys tells me that he's even ticked her off for popping down in her slippers to get a bit of mint, or something, out of the kitchen garden."

"You seem to set a lot of store by what this Gladys of yours says," remarked the inspector. "Has she got any

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *BY RUD*

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ideas about what took him out of doors without his hat or his snowboots?"

"She has, of course, which is where she and I part company, as you might say, though I wouldn't dare tell her so. She says the late Warrenby was lured out by a trick. It's no use asking me what the trick was, or who played it, because it wasn't a notion I took any kind of fancy to, and I headed Gladys off it. And I'll thank you to stop calling her my Gladys, Horace! She's been walking out steady with a very respectable chap in the building trade for the last two years and you'll be getting me into trouble."

The inspector gave a dry chuckle. "If that's so, I'll bet you know a whole lot about the building trade you didn't know before, sir! But what do you make of this stuff she's given you?"

"I'm not at all sure," replied Hemingway frankly. "I've had a feeling ever since yesterday that I've had the wrong end of the stick pushed into my hand, and I've now got a feeling that for all I've got nine suspects there's something highly significant which is being hidden from me. What's more, while Gladys was telling me all about the late Warrenby's habits I got another feeling, which was that if only I'd the sense to see it, she was giving me a red-hot clue."

He frowned thoughtfully, then asked, "What did Mrs. Midgeholme come to tell me?"

"She says old Drybeck's going round trying to prove Miss Warrenby murdered her uncle and you're not to believe a word he says. And also that that Pole of yours has told everyone he's got no intentions towards Miss Warrenby, but went up to Fox House after dinner last night and sat with her in the summer-house. I don't know whether there might be something in that."

Continuing . . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 55

"I've already had that from Gladys. Taking everything into account I should say young Ladislas went up to beg Jessica's First Prayer to lay off till all this commotion has blown over. He's got intentions, all right, and he's scared white I should think so. Jessica's gone up to London, by the way. I saw young Haswell driving her to the station, so it looks as if she was catching the 12.15. She may be escaping from justice; on the other hand, she may have gone up to see her uncle's solicitors to find out how she stands and what she's to use for money till probate's been granted. In fact, that's why she has gone, according to what Gladys tells me, which is why I didn't arrest her. Let's hope that's the superintendent!"

The telephone bell was emitting a discreet buzzing noise. Harbottle picked up the receiver, listened for a moment, and said, "Yes, switch it through, he's here." He handed the receiver to Hemingway. "It is the superintendent."

. . . . .

In the early part of the afternoon the police car was once more proceeding along the Hawkshead road. As Constable Melkinthorpe slowed to take the turn into Rushyford Farm, Hemingway said, "No, drive on slowly! If he's haymaking I'll find him in one of his fields."

He was right. Melkinthorpe coasted gently along, and the sound of a hay-cutter soon came to their ears. The hay was being cut in one of the fields abutting on to the road, and Kenelm Lindale could be seen standing talking to one of his farmhands.

Hemingway got out of the car. "You stay here, Horace," he said.

The inspector, who had been expecting this, nodded. Almost bursting with curiosity, Constable Melkinthorpe slewed himself round in the driver's seat and opened his mouth to speak. Then he shut it again. Something told him that an indiscreet question addressed to Inspector Harbottle would earn the inquirer nothing but a blistering snub.

"Hot, isn't it, sir?" he said weakly.

The inspector opened the newspaper he had brought with him, and began to read it. "It often is at this time of year," he replied.

Constable Melkinthorpe, lacking the courage to venture on any further remark, had to content himself with watching the Chief Inspector walk across the field towards Kenelm Lindale.

LINDALE saw the Chief Inspector approaching, but he did not go to meet him. After one glance he resumed his conversation with the farmhand. As Hemingway came within earshot he said, "Well, get on with that job first; I'll be along presently and we'll take another look at it. Good afternoon, Chief Inspector! What can I do for you this time?"

"Good afternoon, sir. Sorry to come interrupting you, but I'd like a word with you, please."

"All right. I suppose you'd better come up to the house."

"Provided we can get out of range of the din this machine of yours makes I'd just as soon talk to you here."

"Infernal things, aren't they?" Lindale said, walking beside him towards the blackthorn hedge which separated the field from the one beyond it. "Give me the old-fashioned methods! But it's no use these days. Now, what is it you want?"

"I'm going to be quite frank with you, sir, and, if you're wise, you'll be frank with me. Because what I have to ask you I can quite as easily ask Mrs. Lindale, which, I take it, you'd a lot rather I didn't do."

"Go on," said Lindale evenly.

"Is Mrs. Lindale, properly speaking, the wife of a Francis Aloysius Nenthall living at Braidhurst?"

There was a short silence. Lindale gave no sign that the question had startled him, but walked on beside the Chief Inspector, his face a little grim, his eyes fixed on the ground before him.

"Her maiden name," continued Hemingway, "having been Soulby, and the date of her marriage the 17th October, 1942."

Lindale looked up, a smouldering spark of anger in his eyes. "You could prove it so easily if I denied it, couldn't you?" he said bitterly. "In the eyes of the law she is, but if Nenthall weren't a coldblooded bigot, she'd be mine!"

"I don't doubt you, sir."

"How did you find this out?" demanded Lindale.

"We needn't go into that," replied Hemingway. "What I want to know—"

"Yes, we need!" interrupted Lindale. "I've got a right to know who told you! Unless someone tipped you off you can't have had the slightest reason for suspecting it, and I want to know who it was who went ferreting out my private affairs!"

"Well, you do know, don't you, sir?" said Hemingway.

"Warrenby?" Lindale said, staring at him with knitted brows. "I've reason to think he knew—I've no idea how!—but he can't have told you! Unless— Have you come upon some infernal inquiry agent's report amongst his papers?"

"Is that what you expected?" Hemingway said swiftly.

"No! Why on earth should he do such a thing? He once said something which showed me that he knew about Nenthall, but how much he knew, or how he knew it, I couldn't tell. I got under his skin one evening at the Red Lion—I couldn't stand the fellow, you know!—and he asked me if the name Nenthall conveyed anything to me. I said it didn't, and there the matter dropped. He never mentioned it again, and, so far as I know, he didn't spread any kind of scandal about us, which was what I was afraid he'd do. I didn't think anyone but he knew anything about us, though I do know that that Midgeholme woman has done her best to discover all the details of our lives!"

"I don't mind telling you, sir, that I've no reason to suppose that anyone does know it, at any rate down here, except me and my inspector. And I should think I don't have to tell you that I shouldn't, unless I had to, make it public."

"No, I believe you wouldn't, but I can see how you might very well have to make it public. I've been hoping you'd get on to the track of the man who did do Warrenby in before you started making inquiries into my past!"

"You say Warrenby never mentioned the matter to you but the once, sir. Quite sure of that?"

"Of course I'm sure of it! Are you thinking he was blackmailing me? He wasn't. I haven't anything he wants — money or influence. What is more, had he tried that on I shouldn't have hesitated to put the matter into the hands of the police. It isn't a crime to live with another man's wife. I'd nothing to fear from the police. I can only suppose that

To page 69

FOR THE CHILDREN

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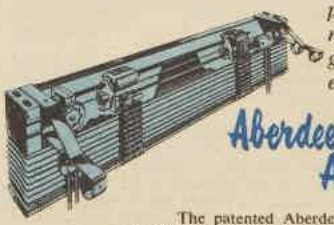

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Easy-to-make

Elegant crocheted stole

This beautiful featherweight stole is an American importation that Australian women will love to wear. The lovely insertion-like pattern, combined with the deep looped fringe, makes a simple yet elegant wrap.

THE stole, which costs little to make, measures 21 inches by 50 inches. Here are the directions:

Materials: 5 skeins F. W. Hughes "Twin Prufe" 2-ply fingering wool, shade No. 1075 (white), steel crochet hook size O.

Tension: Two-3 d.c. groups, 1in.; size 21in. x 50in.

Proceed as follows: Ch. 130.

1st Row: 1 d.c. in 2nd ch. from hook, then 1 d.c. in each ch. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: * Leaving last loop of each d.c. on hook, work 1 tr. in each of the next 3 sts. (working first tr. in first st. at beginning of row), wool over, draw through 4 loops on hook, ch. 5, rep. from * across, turn.

3rd Row: * 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of ch. 5 of previous row, ch. 5, rep. from * across, ending 1 d.c. in 3rd ch. of previous row, ch. 3, turn.

4th Row: * Work 3 complete tr. in 3rd ch. of ch. 5 of previous row, rep. from * across, ch. 3, turn.

Rep. from 2nd row for patt. until stole measures 50in. (or desired length) from start, ending with 4th row of patt., ch. 1, turn, then work edging as follows:

1st Row: 1 d.c. in each st. across, ch. 3, turn.

2nd Row: Skip first 2 d.c., * 1 d.c. in each of the next 3 d.c., ch. 2, skip 2 d.c., rep. from * across, forming loops for fringe, break wool, and fasten. Join wool in corner at other end of stole and work these last 2 rows.

LOOP FRINGE

Cut six 12 yards strands of wool. Taking 6 strands together, draw through crocheted loops at end of stole, pulling down to 5in. loops. Do not cut but tie strands of fringe together ½in. from edge of stole by winding wool around the 12 strands across row. Separate strands and tie again ½in. below as illustrated. Work fringe at other end of stole to correspond.

***AMERICAN - DESIGNED STOLE** crocheted in two-ply fingering wool for early autumn wear. It can be worn round the shoulders, as shown, or over the head, in becoming mantilla fashion.*

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MISS PRECIOUS MINUTES

● ***When making buttonholes, mark each position with a thin line of colorless nail polish. When dry, cut along the centre and you will have a firm, non-fraying edge to hold the stitching.***

SOME jewellery leaves a dark stain on the skin and clothing. This can be prevented by applying colorless nail-varnish to the back of the trinkets.

★ ★ ★

SCREW a small cup hook in the woodwork near the kitchen sink to hang rings on while working or washing the hands. The hook can be enamelled to match the woodwork.

★ ★ ★

TO keep black patent leather handbags and shoes looking like new, rub periodically with paraffin oil and polish with a soft, dry cloth.

★ ★ ★

WHEN sewing a dark material at night, spread a white sheet across your lap and the light will be greatly improved.

★ ★ ★

CLEAN cork mats by rubbing lightly with emery paper. Never attempt to clean them with water.

★ ★ ★

WHEN a jelly is wanted in a hurry, pour only half the required amount of boiling water on to the jelly, stir well, then add the rest of the water icy cold. The jelly will set in half the usual time.

TO lessen the loud ticking of a clock, stand it on a cork or rubber mat.

★ ★ ★

TO make double-edged razor blades safe for household use, guard one edge and end with adhesive tape folded over on to the steel.

★ ★ ★

CUFFS on men's trousers are much easier to keep clean if the stitches holding the cuffs are replaced with press-studs.

★ ★ ★

AFTER washing blankets, rinse in water in which a block of camphor has been dissolved. This will keep them free of moths.

★ ★ ★

TO lengthen the life of a straw broom, soak it in hot salted water before using. The salt toughens the bristles.

★ ★ ★

DON'T leave stale bread in the tin or crock. Stale bread absorbs the moisture from fresh bread.

★ ★ ★

THERE is no better way of dusting carved furniture than with a soft-bristle paint brush. The brush will penetrate all the little crannies that a duster never seems to touch.

***THE ODOR** of fish is hard to remove from cutlery, but if rubbed carefully with lemon juice before washing-up and rinsing all odor is removed.*

***CUP HOOKS** screwed into the underside of a coat-hanger as shown above allow you to hang the skirt and jacket of your suit together and keep the skirt uncrushed and fresh to wear.*

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By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse.

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A leaflet giving various points for planning a baby's clothes can be obtained from our Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O. Sydney. Please enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for the leaflet.

Patterns for a simple and practical 12-piece layette are also available. The layette includes patterns for a carrying-coat and an attractive sun-suit for the older baby. Price of patterns is 3/6 (postage free).

Other garments included in the layette patterns are two nightgowns, two dresses, a petticoat, matinee jacket, cotton shirt, bonnet, and two pairs of pilchers.

This makes a well-planned basic wardrobe for a new baby and one which can be added to if required.

An illustrated instruction sheet giving details of cutting and making is included.

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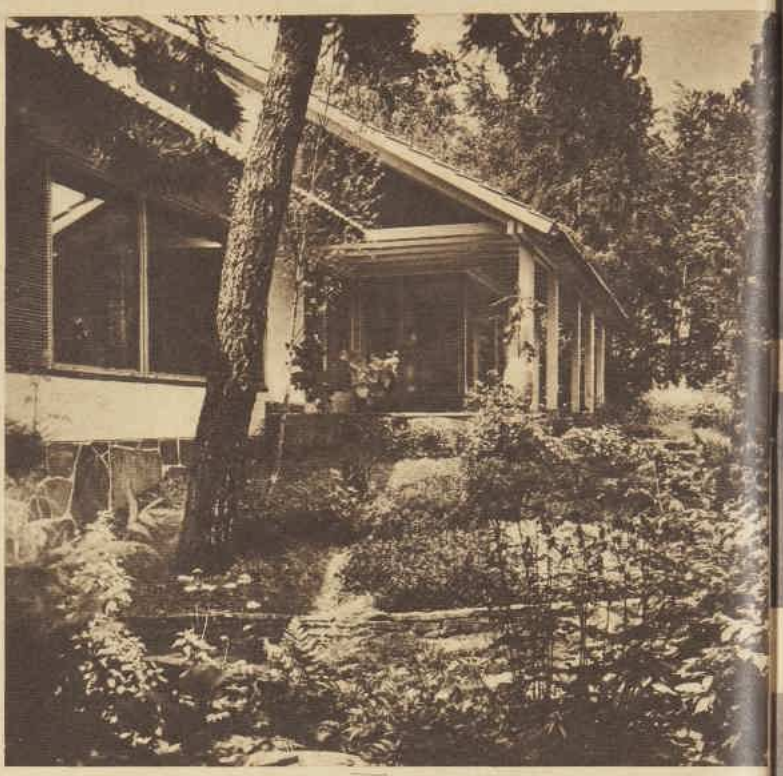
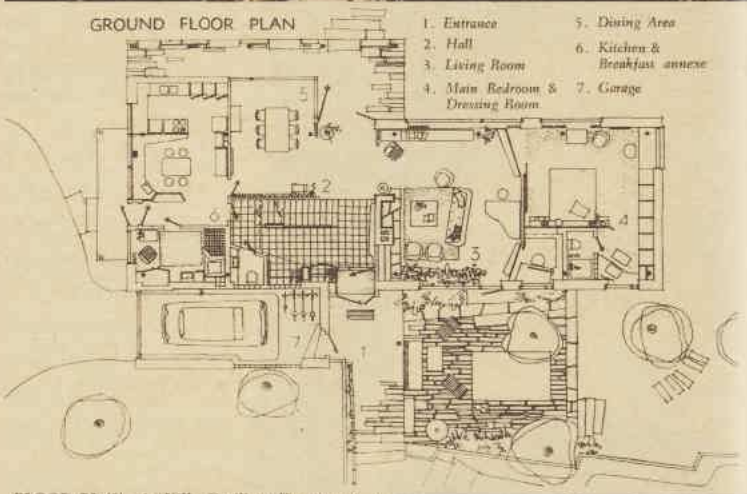
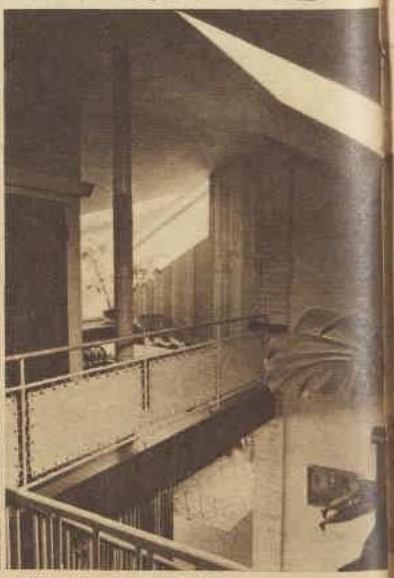
ISLAND HOME





FLOOR PLAN of "Villa Ervi" at Kunsisaari, a small island in the Baltic Sea near Helsinki, Finland. The children's rooms are situated on the top floor of this modern family residence.

COSY CORNER in the living area contains books and radiogram. Heidi, the pretty daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ervi, settles down with a book.



FIRST-FLOOR GALLERY resembles the deck of a ship with white sail-cloth laced to the railing. Rope binds the supports.

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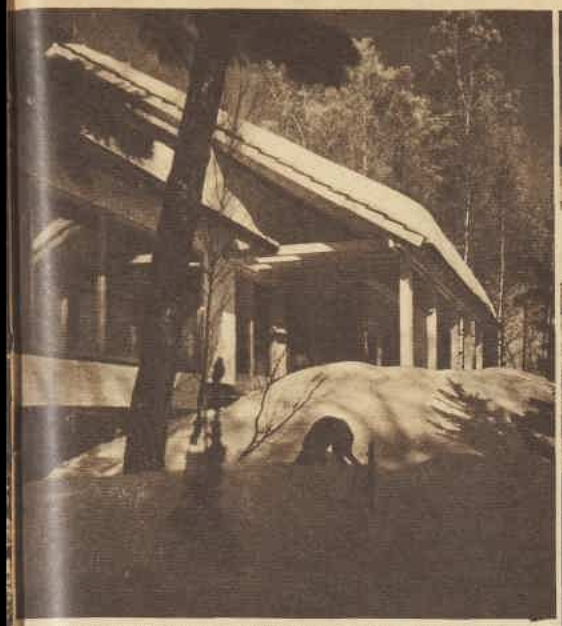
. . . modern design in Finland



"VILLA ERVI," the modern home of Mr. and Mrs. Aarne Ervi at Kuusisaari, near Helsinki, Finland, is shown (left) in the summer and (above) in a winter landscape. The pictures show the roof elevation and overhang support.

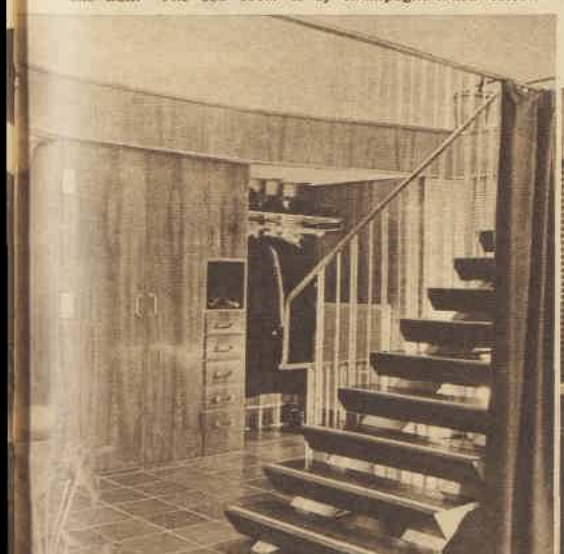
LIVING-ROOM seen from the dining-area. The dining suite is set on a pale yellow rug. Curtains are deep blue. Bedroom at far end is one level higher.

MASTER BEDROOM: The ceiling is in soft blue. Storage walls and bed-head are of natural polished elm. A rich, wine-red wallpaper with a rubber-plant design decorates one wall. The bed cover is of champagne-toned velvet.

● Finland has many modern homes of glittering white that contrast sharply with the quaint, sombre buildings of earlier periods. Shown on these pages is "Villa Ervi," a modern family home designed and built by Aarne Ervi, one of Finland's outstanding architects. "Villa Ervi" is situated high on the island of Kuusisaari, in the Baltic Sea.

—Eve Gye.

INDOOR WINDOW GARDEN in the living-room. Sunlight filtering through the venetian blinds forms a quaint "candy-stick" pattern on the circular roof support. Indoor gardens are a feature of Finnish homes.



HALL or vestibule opens off the small entry hall. The open-tread staircase is made of teak. Natural polished elm is used for the walls and cupboards. Red tiles cover the floor.

INTERIOR VIEW (above) shows a section of the living-room, where yellow-and-white curtains close off the vestibule. At right is an exterior view showing the front of the house.

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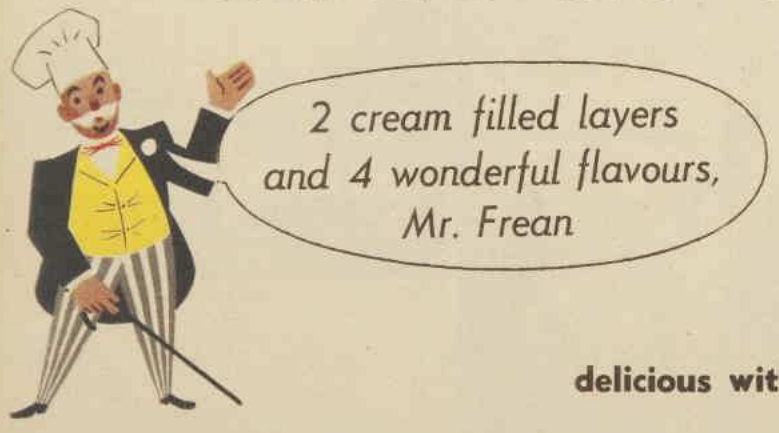

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Peek Frean's MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS VITA-WEAT CRISPBREAD

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Chic French Cloche

Any teenager who is clever with a needle will enjoy making this cute, head - hugging little hat from Paris.

STYLED like a Dutch bonnet, it could be made in one color if preferred, but a contrasting color is suggested for the crown.

Here are the directions:

MATERIALS

One-third yard each of grosgrain and collar canvas, 24in. length of contrasting ribbon for top of hat, an additional length of matching ribbon for finishing bow.

TO MAKE

Draft a pattern from the scale drawing below, in which each square equals 1 inch. Place pattern on the grosgrain and cut. Cut pattern again in collar canvas, ½in. seams are allowed all round.

Mark the points A and A1, B and B1, also points C and D as shown.

Sew contrasting ribbon on grosgrain in the position shown by dotted and shaded section on diagram.

With right side of grosgrain facing canvas, sew round edges of hat, but leave an opening wide enough for turning. After sewing, turn hat to right side and sew up opening.

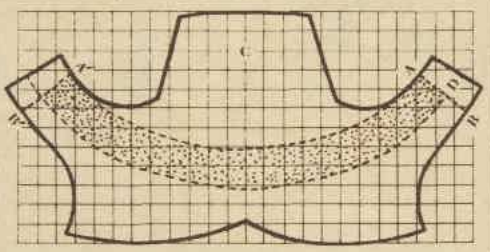
With a small running stitch gather along outer edge from point A to C, and from C to A1. Pull the gathers tightly together and sew securely.

Now join together points B and B1, but turn the sections marked D to the inside of hat, and sew along the line from B to A marked in the diagram.

The fullness at the top line of gathers should be moulded to the shape of head at back.

Make a flat bow to size required and sew to the back over the gathers. To neaten, tack the ends of the bow to sides of hat.

WHITE GROSGRAIN with a contrasting band of deep toffee-color round the crown was used in the original design of the hat shown above. Directions and materials required for making are given on this page.



DRAW this scale diagram, in which each square equals an inch, to full-size for the hat pattern. Points indicated by the letters should be marked on the grosgrain before sewing.

Calico cover for suits

A CALICO cover-bag protects lounge and evening suits from dust and moths.

Materials: 1½yds. 54in. unbleached calico; 22in. zip-fastener; small circle hook; a narrow 24in. bar of wood; one coat-hanger hook.

To Make: With right side of material facing, join selvedge edges. Turn to right side and welt a ½in. seam down both sides. Measure 3in. off from seam welts and sew another ½in. seam down both sides of bag. These 3in. gussets allow for expansion when garments are hanging.

Turn again to wrong side and join at base, turning the 3in. gussets into the seam.

Mark and cut a line 22in. long 4in. down from top of bag for the zip-fastener. Use as little material as possible when sewing in the fastener, otherwise zip will pucker material. Make small tags and sew to each end of zip.

Join seam at top of bag but leave a small space at centre to take coat-hanger hook. Place the length of wood at top of bag, and pull hook through opening. On the underside of wood screw a small circle hook to hold a coat-hanger.

COVER-BAG shown below has the zip-fastener opening crosswise. Three-inch gussets down both sides allow a suit to hang without being creased. Alternative method of making the bag (right) is to place the zip-fastener so that it opens lengthwise.

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Gumption brightens baths but doesn't leave a slippery surface. And it makes your dulled handbasin *gleam* with cleanliness — with no hard rubbing.

Spots vanish—lino shines! You'll have glistening flooring with no slippery surface when you clean with miracle Gumption.

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Film Fan-Fare

CONDUCTED BY M. J. McMAHON

STAR SEXTET (from left) Jean Peters, Italian newcomer Rossana Brazzi, Maggie McNamara, Louis Jourdan, Dorothy McGuire, and Clifton Webb.

ROMANTIC COMEDY

Elegant Roman and Venetian settings and a top star cast are featured in Fox's modern comedy "We Believe in Love." Filmed in technicolor and CinemaScope, the story concerns the exploits of three girls in Italy.

LEFT: Dorothy McGuire plots with fellow-secretary Maggie McNamara (at right) to surprise Italian Prince Louis Jourdan in this scene of the comedy.

ABOVE: Clifton Webb, an expatriate American novelist, pleases his devoted secretary, Dorothy McGuire, by proposing marriage to her.

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The hand that rocks the cradle

has many other duties to perform. But looking after baby is very nearly a full-time job on its own. That is why many young mothers (and young grandmothers) simplify their household accounts by having a cheque account with the Bank of New South Wales. It is so much easier to post a cheque than to trail down the street, or into town, to pay accounts. And so much more business-like, too—for a "Wales" cheque account can provide a complete record of income and expenditure. Women of all ages, whether at home or in business, save time and trouble by paying by "Wales" cheque.

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You'll give your bath a super-sheen as you clean with grit-free Bon Ami Cleanser. And see how fast it cuts the grease on your kitchen sink, your pots and pans. There's no other cleanser like it. Try it.

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THE ONE FAST CLEANSER THAT 'hasn't scratched yet!'

TWO HANDY PACKAGES POWDER & CAKE

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ *Rob Roy*

WALT DISNEY sets the heather alight with old conflicts in his lively technicolor adventure "Rob Roy," which was filmed in the mountains of Scotland.

Shown as last year's Royal Command film, "Rob Roy" turns out to be a piece of unadulterated swashbuckle in which dirks are drawn and tempers flare enthusiastically.

According to the synopsis the screenplay is founded on history and legend. What unwinds on the screen is probably unhistorical, but it's good entertainment, full of action.

The story has to do with the efforts of proud, fiery clansmen to place a Stuart on the English throne instead of the German monarch, George I.

Rob Roy MacGregor (Richard Todd), a sort of Robin Hood of the Highlands, is the ringleader in this plot. He and his followers (played by units of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders by special permission) give English Redcoats a rough time in Trossach country until a Royal amnesty for all the MacGregors puts an end to the fighting.

With his hair dyed red and wearing a neat beard, Richard Todd is suitably virile and dour in the name part.

In between adventures Rob finds time to court, and eventually marry, Helen Mary, his childhood sweetheart, played in a subdued way by Glynis Johns.

Veteran Finlay Currie appears briefly as a swaggering old warrior, and James Robertson Justice cuts a splendid figure wearing his national costume in the role of the Duke of Argyll and one-time Secretary of State.

The misty atmosphere of the Highlands has been effectively photographed.

In Sydney—Mayfair.

★ *Rhapsody*

ELIZABETH TAYLOR fails in the difficult task of making real the role of a poor-little-rich-girl with a "neurotic need to be needed" in Metro's "Rhapsody."

Chubby-cheeked and poodle-cut, Elizabeth shows little sense of the part, behaves rather like a spoiled deb instead of a young woman in the grip of withering emotion.

A lavish, two-hour-long production, "Rhapsody" combines a strong musical score with a story that has its substance in the romantic entanglements of Miss Taylor with two young musicians—self-centred violinist Vittorio Gassman, who is the love of her life, and boyish John Ericson, who is a pianist.

Playing his role well, Gassman has the good sense to throw off smothering possessiveness to win fame and fortune as a concert virtuoso.

Infatuated John Ericson marries the girl, hits the skids, and wins his way back with the help of his wife, who discovers that he is the one who needs her.

Louis Calhern is very smooth as the star's wealthy father.

On the musical side, "Rhapsody" binds together a generous succession of popular and other classics.

Metro's prodigal hand is seen in lavish dressing, opulent sets and trimmings, and the wide-screen makes the most of beautiful technicolor scenery—which seems to have been filmed on location.

In Sydney—St. James.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average or not yet reviewed.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "Malta Story," war drama, starring Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, Anthony Steel, Muriel Pavlow. Plus ★★ "Royal Symphony," full-length documentary in technicolor.

CENTURY.—★★ "The Moon is Blue," comedy, starring William Holden, David Niven, Maggie McNamara. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Appointment in London," war drama, starring Dirk Bogarde, Dinah Sheridan. Plus ★ "Folly to Be Wise," comedy, starring Alastair Sim, Elizabeth Allen.

LYRIC.—★★★ "The Band Wagon," technicolor musical, starring Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Jack Buchanan. Plus ★ "The Unknown Man," drama, starring Walter Pidegon, Keefe Brasselle. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★ "Rob Roy," technicolor period adventure, starring Richard Todd, Glynis Johns. (See review this page.) Plus "The Sea Around Us," Walt Disney's Academy Award winning technicolor feature. Not yet reviewed.)

PALACE.—★ "South Sea Woman," adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Virginia Mayo. Plus "Trail Guide," a Tim Holt Western.

PLAZA.—★★ "How to Marry a Millionaire," technicolor CinemaScope comedy, starring Marilyn Monroe, Lauren Bacall, Betty Grable, David Wayne, Cameron Mitchell, William Powell. Plus "Coronation Parade," technicolor CinemaScope feature.

REGENT.—★★ "The Robe," technicolor CinemaScope biblical drama, starring Richard Burton, Jean Simmons, Victor Mature. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★★★ "One Summer of Happiness," Swedish-language drama, starring Ulla Jacobsson, Folke Sundquist. Plus ★★ "Ukrainian Concert Hall," color music feature.

STATE.—★★★ "The Cruel Sea," British wartime drama, starring Jack Hawkins, Donald Sinden, Denholm Elliott. Plus "South Pacific Playground," color feature.

ST. JAMES.—★ "Rhapsody," technicolor musical-drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Vittorio Gassman. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★★ "Four in a Jeep," drama, starring Viveca Lindfors, Ralph Meeker, Joseph Yadin. Plus "The Link," feature.

VICTORY.—★ "Thunder in the East," action drama, starring Alan Ladd, Deborah Kerr, Charles Boyer. Plus ★ "Hurricane Smith," technicolor adventure, starring Yvonne de Carlo, John Ireland, Richard Arlen.

Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"Mr. Potts Goes to Moscow," comedy, starring George Cole, Nadia Gray. Plus "Prince Philip," featurette.

LIBERTY.—"Easy to Love," technicolor musical, starring Esther Williams, Van Johnson. Plus featurettes.

PARK.—"The Maze," thriller, starring Richard Carlson, Veronica Hurst. Plus ★ "The Man Who Cheated Himself," mystery, starring Lee J. Cobb, John Dall, Jane Wyatt. (Re-release.)

PRINCE EDWARD.—"Scared Stiff," comedy, starring Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis, Lizbeth Scott, Carmen Miranda. Plus featurettes.

News from studios

TELEVISION activity started the other day at the old Charles Chaplin studios on Hollywood's Sunset Boulevard with Charles Chaplin, jun., starring in one of the first telefilms, "The Lady with the Scales."

* * *

VOLUPTUOUS Silvana Mangano, now filming in "Mambo" with Shelley Winters and Vittorio Gassman, has been accused of having "That Hollywood Look." In preparation for her dance sequences Silvana lost several pounds during the eight weeks' training for the Latin-American mambo.

* * *

MARTA TOREN has two "dream directors." They are George Stevens and Alf Sjoberg. She talked about the directors while vacationing in Stockholm after 75 days of film work in the hot Italian sunshine. While there she suffered from paint poisoning and underwent treatment before finishing the title part of Italy's "Countess Laura."

* * *

FIVE of M.G.M.'s next eight pictures will be CinemaScope. The studio will launch the CinemaScope parade with "Jupiter's Darling," starring Esther Williams and Howard Keel. Then comes "Green Fire" with Stewart Granger and Grace Kelly, and "Mans Rivers to Cross" with Robert Taylor. Jose Ferrer will star in "Deep In My Heart," while Walter Pidgeon and Elizabeth Taylor have been named for "Babylon Revisited."

New sea-fresh flavour

"GREENSEAS" TUNA

for SALADS SANDWICHES SAVOURIES

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Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixoderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes, kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin. Clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

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A Million Eyes at Work

Eyes that are peering, staring, squinting, scanning, straining . . . adding up miles of figures; designing new fashions; figuring gigantic power projects . . . studying legal briefs; watching photo negatives in dark-rooms; poring over blueprints; typing—and always reading . . . reading . . . READING!

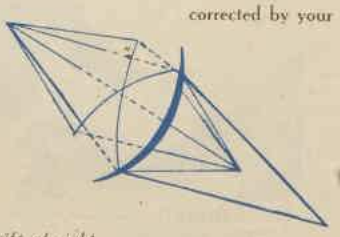
Perfect eyes . . . strained eyes . . . tired eyes . . . bloodshot eyes . . . Eyes under glaring light . . . eyes fighting against gloom . . . eyes that must work in coloured light . . . in artificial light. Eyes looking down microscopes . . . through telescopes. Eyes doing the work of our modern world under conditions for which human eyes never were designed or intended. On the contrary. Nature intended us to hunt and to fish—to reap and to sow—under the light of day . . . to go to bed when falling night drew the blankets of darkness over the primitive world.

Modern man, in his modern world, needs the help of the modern optometrist. Even those relatively few people who are born with perfect sight cannot—under the conditions of modern life—keep it forever. We nearly ALL need glasses as we approach middle age. Some sooner than that . . . some later. Those not born with perfect sight require glasses at an early age—to study without strain at school . . . at the University . . . the technical school . . . when they start work.

Your optometrist can usually ensure that you see perfectly at all stages of your life. Regular examinations, at least every two years, will enable him to check on blurred vision, headaches, eye-strain and other symptoms that you may not even notice. The modern optometrist is the guardian of sight. He is the avenue through which the benefits of modern optical science and research are brought to you. He is a trained professional man and his whole life is dedicated to the science of vision.

Take advantage of your optometrist's professional advice and skill . . . preserve the precious gift of sight . . . see as you ought to—whatever your job in life.

Above all . . . have your children's sight checked early. Many "failures" at school are directly due to unsuspected defective vision . . . defects that can usually be quickly and beneficially corrected by your optometrist.



Inserted by the BETTER VISION INSTITUTE to help you guard your most precious possession—sight.

Let your Optometrist protect your most priceless possession—the gift of sight.

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PAIN *goes quicker with* **DISPRIN**

. . . because DISPRIN is soluble

Pain goes faster because Disprin quickly dissolves and is rapidly absorbed into the bloodstream. This is why Disprin must act faster than ordinary aspirin and a.p.c., which merely enter the stomach as undissolved particles. As Disprin is substantially neutral (non-acid), it is far less likely to cause stomach discomfort.

Disprin is obtainable from all chemists, in packages of 100, 26, and the handy 8 tablet handbag or pocket pack.

TRY THIS EXPERIMENT

Drop a Disprin tablet and ordinary aspirin or ordinary a.p.c. into separate glasses of water. See how Disprin really dissolves; see by contrast how the others merely break up. They behave differently in water: they behave differently in your stomach.

DISPRIN Regd.

THE NEW *Soluble* ASPIRIN

D8

Air-wick quickly kills unpleasant indoor smells. Cooking cabbage, fish or onions. Tobacco fug. Sick room, laundry or animal smells.

Air-wick

KILLS UNPLEASANT INDOOR SMELLS

Costs less than one penny per day to use

ONLY AIR-WICK CONTAINS CHLOROPHYLL

Sold at all chemists, grocers, general and hardware stores.

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1. HOTEL ARRIVALS Clare (Peggy Cummins) and Victor (Ronald Squire), centre, register as husband and wife. Pretty Clare attracts British Treasury official Terence Winch (Terence Morgan), left.

2. MONEY is donated by rich hotel guests when Clare announces that her husband has stolen her savings and disappeared. The husband is in reality her father, a confidence man.

British comedy

3. DINING with Terence makes Clare yearn for a more secure life, preferably with Terence. That night she vanishes.

★ In the new film "Always A Bride," J. Arthur Rank has produced another of those delightfully light British comedies.

Peggy Cummins, Terence Morgan, and Ronald Squire star in a story that tells about an accomplished gang of confidence tricksters and their rich pickings on the French Riviera.

Old-timers Marie Lohr, Charles Goldner, and James Hayter have featured roles as lovable crooks.

4. NEW IDENTITIES are assumed by Victor, Clare, and the rest of the gang for their next swindle, scheduled to take place in Nice.

5. GIANT SWINDLE by Victor and the gang backfires. Cash paid for a hotel they sell, but do not own, proves to be counterfeit. Victor and Clare decide to try their luck with the deserted bride pose once more.

6. TRACKED DOWN to her hotel by the pursuing Terence, Clare learns that he knows all about her, but he tells her that if she hurries they can be married at once.

7. MARRIED, the pair return to the hotel room. The substitution of a handsome young man for the old bridegroom of the previous night startles the guests. Victor joins them to celebrate.

8. DETECTIVES interrupt wedding celebrations when they finally catch up with the wily Victor. He stalls them while Clare and Terence make their getaway, then resignedly submits.

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SAFELY STOPS PERSPIRATION 1 to 3 DAYS

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. *It can't stop the perspiration which causes this embarrassment!*

So don't be half-safe — Arrid used daily protects two ways:

1. It stops perspiration . . . safely, effectively . . . for 1 to 3 days.
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Arrid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting, and clinging odors. Arrid is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

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ARRID TO BE SURE

ARRID

A2-4

15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated *Curlypet* — squeeze *Curlypet* into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated *Curlypet* for 3/6 from your chemist or store.

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET

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FOR SINKS AND HANDBASINS

'Plus' DETERGENT

RID KIDNEYS OF POISONS & ACIDS

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

he found it out by some accident and let me know he'd done so to pay me out for choking him off."

"Am I to take it, then, that the only use he made of his knowledge was to get off a bit of spite?"

Lindale was frowning.

"It does sound improbable, put like that," he admitted. "It's the only use he did make of it. He may have had other ideas in mind, but what they were I can't imagine. The impression I had was that he said it partly out of spite and partly as a sort of threat—accept-me-socially - or - I'll - make-trouble kind of thing."

"Which he could have done."

Lindale stopped and said, "Look here, Chief Inspector, I'd better be quite open with you! As far as I'm concerned, Warrenby was welcome to tell the whole world all he knew. Neither my — neither Mrs. Nenthall nor I have done anything to be ashamed of. There was never any furtive intrigue. We — well, we cared for one another for years and Nenthall knew it. She married him during the war when she was only a kid, and—well, it just didn't work out! I'm not going to say anything about Nenthall, except that if I murdered anyone it would be him! There was a child, a little boy, which made it all impossible. My wife is a woman of very strong principles. Then the kid died—meningitis, and—I shan't take you into all that. She was ill for months, and then—well, we had it out, the three of us, and the end of it was that she came to me.

"He refused to consider a divorce — he's a Catholic — so nothing ever got into the papers. My own view is that it's a mistake to make any secret of the situation. People aren't anything like as hidebound as they used to be. Her family, of course, have cut her out: they're Catholics, and pretty strict; and my father disapproves. But I think that most people, knowing the facts, wouldn't ostracise us — none that we've the least desire to be on friendly terms with. That's my point of view, but I said I'd be open with you, and so I'll tell you that my wife doesn't share it. Which is why I'd do a lot to keep the whole thing secret. A lot, but not commit murder, though I don't expect you to believe that."

He paused, then went on forcibly, "But whatever you believe, I'm dead sure you haven't enough evidence against me to justify an arrest! The bullet wasn't fired from my rifle, and I infer that you already know that or you wouldn't be asking me questions; you'd be clapping handcuffs on me! I quite see that you'll have to try to find out more, and I've no objection to that. All I do ask is that you'll refrain from worrying my wife. I won't have her driven into another nervous breakdown: she's been through enough!"

"Well, sir, I can't promise you anything," Hemingway replied, "but I don't mind saying that I shan't worry her unless I must. I won't keep you any longer now; you'll be wanting to get back to your hay-cutting."

"Thanks!" Lindale said, turning, and walking with him towards the gate. "I shan't run away."

They parted at the gate. Constable Melkinthorpe, straining his ears, managed to hear a snatch of dialogue and found it disappointing.

"Well, you've got wonderful weather," Hemingway remarked.

"Couldn't be better. Touch wood!" said Lindale, shutting the gate behind him.

Hemingway crossed the road to the car. "Take a walk with me, Horace," he said. "You can drive the car round to the end of Fox Lane, Melkinthorpe, and wait for us there."

He led Harbottle to the entrance to the footpath and turned into it.

"Well?" said Harbottle.

"He's no fool. In fact, he's very plausible."

"Too plausible?"

"No, I wouldn't say that. He didn't overplay his part at all. What he told me tallied with what the superintendent gave me. He also said that as far as he was concerned the whole world could know the truth about him and I'm inclined to believe him. The trouble is—and he told me this, too, which may have been honesty or may have been because he knew I was wise to it—Mrs. Lindale doesn't look at it like that."

"I'm not surprised," said Harbottle austerely.

"Now, don't let's have any psalm-singing!" said Hemingway with a touch of irritability. "I've got a lot of sympathy for that chap. I should say life isn't all beer and skittles for him with a wife—or whatever you like to call her—who can't get over thinking she's a black sinner. What's more, I don't suppose it ever will be—not unless Nenthall is obliging enough to pop off. And don't give me any stuff about the wages of sin!"

"I won't. But it's true, for all that," said the inspector. "Is this the footpath he and the squire came along together? I've never seen this end of it till today."

Continuing . . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 56

"It is, and it was about here that the squire turned off into the plantation. I should say he did, too, either when he said he did or a bit later. Perhaps both."

"Both?"

Hemingway said slowly, "If the squire's the man I'm after he had to park the rifle somewhere, hadn't he? Seems to me his own plantation would have been as good a place as any. Easy to have picked it up and to have nipped back to Fox Lane when Lindale was out of sight."

"But the shot wasn't fired from his rifle," objected Harbottle.

"I know it wasn't. It may be that we shall have to pull in his agent's rifle and his gamekeeper's as well."

Harbottle frowned over this. "I don't think the Squire's the man to commit a murder with another man's gun, and that man one of his own people," he said.

HEMINGWAY gave his assistant a shrewd glance. "Very likely you don't think the squire would do that," he said. "But you didn't think he was the kind of man to cheat his heir, either."

"You don't yet know that he is doing that, sir. And I don't mind telling you I wouldn't want the job of accusing him of such a thing!"

"Well, you haven't got the job. Now, this is Mr. Haswell's spinney, separated from his garden by a wall, as you see. Any amount of cover to be had. We won't follow the path to his gates, but you can seen where it runs, and you can see that it would have been possible for Miss Warrenby to have got home by pushing through that very straggly hedge into her uncle's grounds."

The inspector smiled wryly. "You're forgetting, sir, that you're not to believe a word Mr. Drybeck says."

"Well, I don't believe many of them," said Hemingway, climbing over the stile. "Come on! I've got a fancy to take another look at the scene of the crime."

Together they walked down the lane for some twenty yards and then climbed the slope on to the common. Fox House had ceased to attract sightseers, and there seemed to be no one about. Hemingway paused by the gorse-clump and stood looking thoughtfully at the garden of Fox House. The seat had been removed, but a bare patch in the lawn showed where it had stood.

"I seem to remember that someone told me once you were by way of being a good shot, Horace," said Hemingway. "How does a man's head at this range strike you as a target? Would you call it a certainty for the average shot?"

"I think a man would need to be a good shot, but not necessarily a crack shot. I thought so when I first saw this place, and it's one reason why I've never seriously considered Miss Warrenby. I don't say women aren't good shots; I've known some who were first-class, but they're few and far between, and we've no reason to think Miss Warrenby has ever had a gun in her hand."

"It seems to rule Reg out, too," said Hemingway. "Pity you didn't see his targets! I'm always trying to find something that'll give you a laugh."

"Are you ruling out the possibility of an accident as well?"

"Really, Horace! If a chap was standing here, do you see him firing into a man's garden with the owner in full view?"

"No," admitted the inspector. "It does seem unlikely." He glanced curiously at his chief. "What's in your mind, sir?"

"I'm wondering why the murderer fired from here instead of trying for a closer shot. Unless he was a very good shot I think it was chancy."

"There's the question of cover," the inspector pointed out. "If he came from the stile he couldn't have got a shot from the lane without coming into Warrenby's sight. I took particular note of that. Those trees at that side of the lawn make it impossible for you to get a view of the seat until you're almost abreast of it. I should say that the murderer didn't cross the stile, but climbed up on to the common beyond it and worked his way round under cover of the bushes."

"Why?" demanded Hemingway. "How did he know Warrenby would be sitting in the garden? On what we've heard about his habits it wasn't likely."

The inspector thought for a moment. "That's so. But there must be an answer, because one of the few things we know about this murder is that the shot was fired from where we're standing." He was silent again for a while.

"I should think," he went on, "that he pretty well stalked the house. Probably kept down under cover of the hedge. He could have seen Warrenby in the garden; in fact, I'd say that he did see him and doubled back to the stile. So the long range was forced on him just because Warrenby was in the garden."

"You may be right," Hemingway said.

"I can tell you don't think so, though."

"I don't know, Horace. It sounds reasonable enough. I've just got a feeling there was more to it than that. Come on! We'll take a look at Bigglewade's favorite seat."

They walked on to where some silver-birch trees stood. Beyond them the ground began to fall away more steeply, and a little way down the slope a wooden seat had been placed, commanding a good view over the common.

It was not unoccupied. After one keen look, Hemingway said, "If it isn't old granddad himself! You'd better mind your p's and q's, Horace; he's inclined to be testy. Good afternoon, Mr. Bigglewade! Taking the air?"

Mr. Bigglewade looked him over with scant favor. "And why shouldn't I be?" he demanded. "Tell me that!"

"I can't. What's eating you today, grandfather?"

"If I was your granddad you'd 'ave more sense nor wot you 'ave,' said the old gentleman severely. "I'm dis-

To page 71

★ As I read the stars ★ By EVE HILLIARD ★

ARIES (March 21 - April 20): After discouraging information, you may decide to push forward with plans, March 2. Don't allow obstacles arising March 5 to dampen your enthusiasm.

TAURUS (April 21-May 20): If young and impressionable, you might meet the one and only, March 2, and make a first date for March 5. Others find social interests attractive.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Some important business or social arrangement is likely to be concluded satisfactorily, March 4.

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If you are prepared to make long-term plans, putting aside half-hearted, immediate results, March 5 is a milestone.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.)

LEO (July 23-August 22): While March 5 gives hopes of driving a bargain or getting something for nothing, over the weekend you may find that the proposition was too expensive.

VIRGO (August 23 - September 23): With the best of intentions to stick to an agreement, March 2, you are likely to call it off through force of circumstances. March 8 renews opportunity.

LIBRA (September 24 - October 23): Changes in connection with your occupation or better working conditions could make March 2 or 5 sunny. March 6 is fine for outdoor life, sports.

SCORPIO (October 24 - November 22): Unfavorable trends beneath the surface may be perceptible, March 3. This can be personal or financial. March 7 is excellent for settling the issue in your favor.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Home entertaining, family interests are well to the fore, March 3. Avoid reckless spending, March 5. March 7 favors renovations to home or wardrobe.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Pay no attention to gossip, March 2. March 4 shines on interviews, correspondence, also neighborhood activity. Be careful what you sign, March 8.

AQUARIUS (January 20 - February 19): Watch advertisements, seek information, March 2. March 5 is one of the best days in the month for buying or selling goods and services.

PISCES (February 20 - March 20): While the evening of March 3 is filled with romance for the young, and even the not-so-young, March 6 and 7 hold possibilities of accidents at home and abroad.

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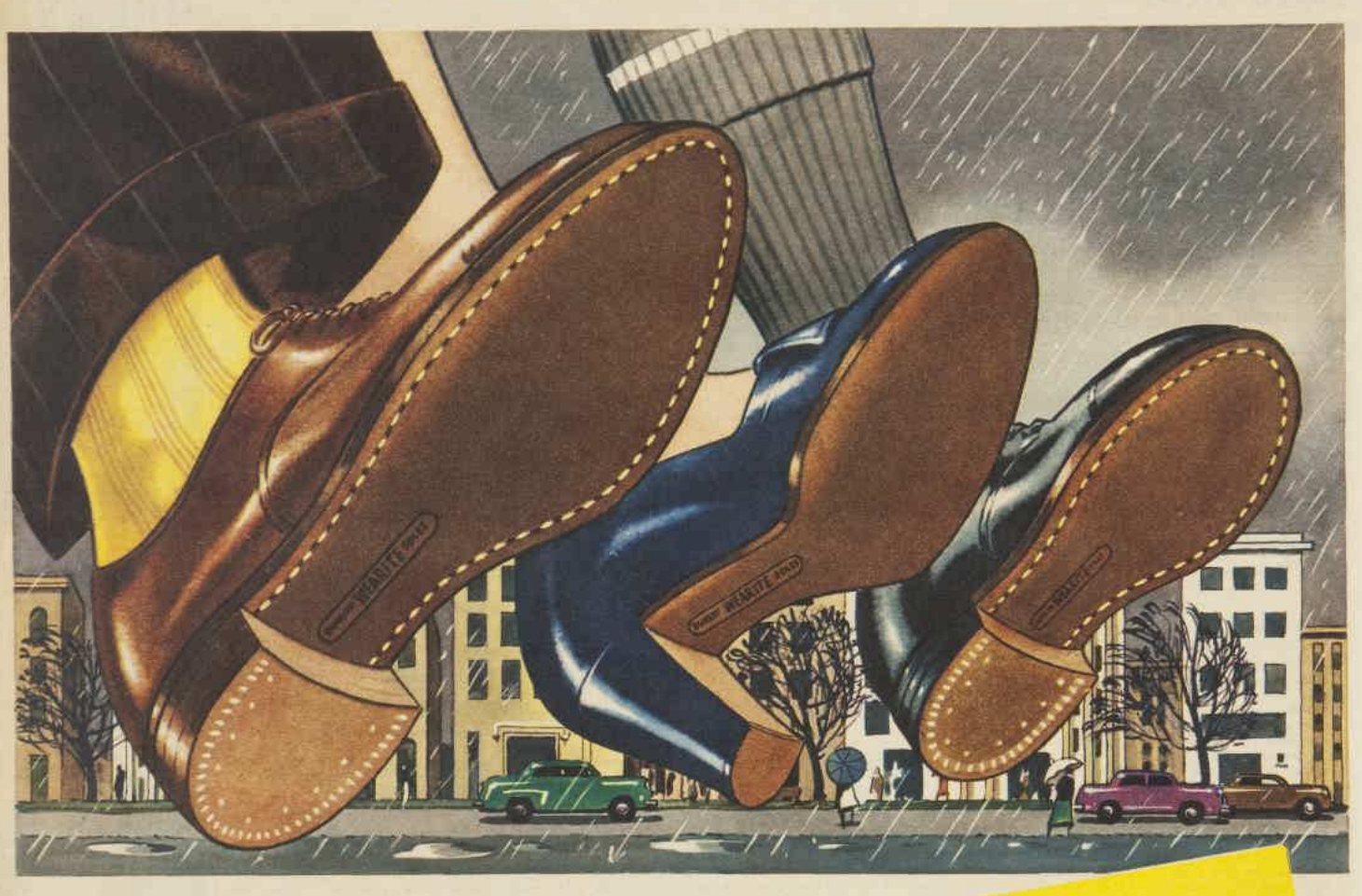

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Continuing . . . . Detection Unlimited

from page 69

appointed in you, that's wot. If you'd paid attention to wot I says to you you'd 'ave 'ad the bracelets on young Reg Ditchling last night."

"Don't you worry about him!" said Hemingway. "I've got my eye on him, all right."

"A fat lot of use that is!" said Mr. Biggleswade. "You 'aving your eye on 'im don't stop 'im coming up to my place, calling me out of me name—ah, an' fetching 'is ma along of 'im, and that pair of screeching Jezebels, Gert and Edie, besides. Painted 'ussies, that's wot they are, and don't you let anyone tell you different! Oo's this you got with you?"

"You don't have to bother about him; he's just my assistant."

"Six foot of misery, that's wot 'e looks like to me. Wot's more, if you'd done wot I told you, you wouldn't need no assistant. Plain as I 'ear you now I 'eard that shot, Saturday!"

"You tell me some more about this shot you heard," the Chief Inspector said encouragingly, sitting down beside him. "How was it you only heard one shot?"

"Becos that's all there wos to 'ear."

"But young Reg tells me he fired a whole lot of shots.'

"'E'd tell you anything, young Reg would. Ah! and you'd swaller it!"

"Now, now! He was firing at targets, you know, in the squire's gravel-pit."

"Oh, 'e wos, wos 'e? If 'e'd told you 'e was firing at a 'erd of rhinorceruses which 'e 'appened to find in squire's gravel-pit you'd swaller that, too! Pleecemen! I never 'ad no opinion of 'em, and I ain't got none now, and I never will 'ave. Young Reg never fired no shot in squire's gravel-pit. 'Cos why. 'Cos if 'e 'ad no one wouldn't 'ear it this far off. Ah! and 'e couldn't 'ave got 'iself on to this 'ere path so soon as wot 'e did do. And I'll tell you another thing, my lad! I won't 'ave you taking my character away like you're trying to!'

"I shouldn't think you've much to take away," said Hemingway frankly.

"Don't you give me no sauce! I'll 'ave you know there ain't any man in Thornden wot knows more about guns than wot I do, and I won't 'ave you spreading it about I don't know where a shot's been fired from! Over there's where Reg fired Vicar's rifle!' A trembling and gouty finger pointed in the direction of Fox Lane. "And I says to meself, 'Someone's larking about in Mr. 'Aswell's spinney.' I says. There or thereabouts."

"That's some way off, grandfather," Hemingway suggested.

"It 'ud 'ave 'ad to 'ave been a sight farther off for me not to 'ear it. Very sharp ears I've got."

"You're a wonder, that's what you are, grandfather. It can't have made much of a noise, either, at this distance."

"No one never said it did. If you'd 'eard it you wouldn't 'ardly 'ave noticed it, I dessay."

"What happened after the shot? Did you see anyone besides Reg Ditching?"

"No, I didn't. I wasn't going to go poking my nose into wot wasn't none of my business. I ain't a nasty, nosy pleeceman! I set off down this 'ere path, like I told 'Obkirk, and I 'adn't gorn so very far when I 'eard someone be'ind me, same like you'd 'ear one of them gamekeepers when 'e was trying to creep on you. And I looked round, quick-like, and I see young Reg 'iding be'ind one of the bushes."

"Down the other end of the path that was, wasn't it?"

"Right down the other end," corroborated Mr. Biggleswade.

"How long after you heard the shot would that have been?"

"Not more'n ten minutes or so. I don't get about so fast as wot I useter," said Mr. Biggleswade, flattered to find himself with an attentive audience at last. "And there was young Reg! If you'd 'ave paid more 'eed to what I told you yesterday you'd 'ave 'ad 'im safe under lock and key by this time.'

"Well, I might," said Hemingway, getting up. "That is, if I knew what he was doing hanging about the scene of the crime instead of making his getaway. I shall have to be getting along now, grandfather. Don't you go sitting in the Red Lion till that daughter of yours has to come and drag you out! Nice goings on at your time of life!"

The ancient reprobate seemed pleased with this sally and cackled asthmatically. Hemingway waved to him and began to walk away. "'Ere!!" Mr. Biggleswade called after him. "Will I 'ave me pitcher in the papers?"

"That's telling!" replied Hemingway over his shoulder.

"Rogues' gallery, I should think!" said Harbottle, falling into step beside him. "What on earth made you encourage him?"

"He's a very remarkable old boy and a lot sharper than the silly fools who say he's get'ing soft in the head. I wanted to hear some more about that shot of his."

Inspector Harbottle stared at his chief. "Why should you want to hear about that shot?" he asked.

"Because I think he did hear one."

"Well, what of it, sir? According to what you told me, what he heard couldn't have had any bearing on the case. It was an hour too early!"

"Horace, I told you only this morning I'd got a feeling the wrong end of the stick had been pushed into my hand, and that there's something important I haven't spotted. We're now going to have a look for it!"

"Where are we off to? Fox House?"

"Out of the old gentleman's sight for a start," Hemingway replied. "I want to think."

They reached the gorse-clump again and Hemingway stopped. The inspector watched him curiously as he stood there, his quick, bright eyes once more taking in every detail of the scene before him.

Presently he said slowly, "The mistake we've been making, Horace, is to have paid a sight too much attention to what you might call the important features of this case, and not enough to the highly irrelevant trimmings. I'm not sure I've not previous near been had for a sucker."

"I've heard you say as much before, but I never heard that it turned out to be true," responded the inspector.

"Well, it isn't going to be true this time—not if I know it! This operator is beginning to annoy me," said Hemingway.

The inspector was a little puzzled. "Myself, I hate all murderers," he said. "But I don't see why this one should annoy you more than any other, for it is not as if the case was a complicated one. It isn't easy, but that's only because we have too many possible suspects, isn't it? Taken just as a murder, I'd say it was one of the simplest I've ever handled."

"When you talk like that, Horace, I think I must be losing my flair. I ought to have spotted at the outset that it was much too simple."

"But you can't go against the facts, sir," argued the inspector. "The man was shot in his own garden by someone lying up beside these bushes at about 7.15 or 7.20, according to Miss Warrenby's evidence. You can doubt that, but you can't doubt the evidence of the cartridge case Carsethorn's men found under the bushes. The difficulty is that the murder happened to be committed just when half-a-dozen people, who all of them had reasons for wanting Warrenby out of the way, were scattered round the locality, in a manner of speaking, and couldn't produce alibis."

Hemingway had turned his head and was looking at him, an alert expression on his face. "Go on!" he said, as the inspector paused. "You're being very helpful!"

Harbottle almost blushed. "Well, I'm glad, chief! It isn't often you think I'm right!"

"You aren't right. You're wrong all along the line, but you're clarifying my mind and, that's very helpful. As soon as you said that the murder happened to be committed while a whole lot of Warrenby's ill-wishers were sculling about at large, it came to me that there wasn't any 'happen' about it. That's the way it was planned. Go on talking! You'll put another idea into my head."

The inspector said, with some asperity, "All right, sir, I will! I may be wrong all along the line, but it strikes me there's a hole to be picked in what you've just said. It can't have been planned. Not with any certainty. The murderer couldn't have known Warrenby would be in the garden at that exact time; that was just luck. He must have been prepared to go into the house, or at any rate into the garden, where he could have got a shot through the study-window, and when you consider how near he came to being seen by Miss Warrenby, as things turned out, you'll surely agree that there wasn't much planning about it. If he'd been forced to enter the garden, Miss Warrenby would have seen the whole thing. As I see it, he's got more luck than craft."

"Don't stop! It's getting clearer every minute!"

"Well, do you agree with me so far?" demanded Harbottle.

"Never mind about that! You can take it I don't unless I hold up my hand."

"I see no sense in going on if you don't agree with anything I say, sir," the inspector said rather stiffly. "Because I'm sure my arguments still hold."

"They do," said Hemingway. "They're perfectly sound and they do you credit. But as I see it, our operator didn't want to be hurried over the job and it's safe to assume he wasn't going to take any unnecessary risks."

"Then what's the answer?" said Harbottle.

"Warrenby wasn't shot at 7.15 nor anything like that time."

To be concluded

Beauty in brief:

Cultivate the cat-nap

By Carolyn Earle

● When you are caught up in a busy round of social engagements there is no trick more rewarding to looks and vitality than the 10-minute cat-nap.

HOUSEWIVES and career girls are often victims of a fagged appearance because they fail to utilise opportunities to snatch a few minutes' rest on the job.

No matter what chores pile up during the day, the daily routine of the housewife can be arranged to allow a couple of short breaks during the morning and afternoon. Ten horizontal minutes of relaxation and quiet is a splendid pick-up. Some housewives make a point of taking their cat-nap during the late afternoon and gain greatly from the habit.

Office workers may feel that they have little chance of taking a sort daytime rest before or after a late night. But, actually, everybody confined to sedentary work will do well to take a lunchtime nap at the desk chair or in the office rest-room.

Here "nap" does not necessarily mean sleep. Simply slip off the shoes, loosen tight clothing, and rest the head quietly on crossed arms or a chair back to chase away fatigue.

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Here is her letter, with the earlier one alongside. Read both carefully. There's good news in them for stomach pain sufferers everywhere.

SHE SAID THEN, in a letter dated August, 1942.

"About 4 years ago, at 1.30 a.m., I became doubled up with pain. My husband went to the woman next door; she gave him her tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder and told him to give me one teaspoonful in a little warm water. After the first dose the pain became easier. In 1 hour's time another dose was taken. At 3 a.m. I was fast asleep. I have never suffered from indigestion since. I still keep De Witt's in the house in case I need it. I am able to enjoy my meals and I could not be healthier if I wanted to. I give you full consent to publish my experience . . . Once again I thank you for De Witt's Antacid Powder."

—signed G.W., Sydney, N.S.W.

SHE SAYS NOW, in a letter dated May, 1953.

" I must still say that De Witt's Antacid Powder is doing a wonderful job for all my family and I would not hesitate in recommending it to anyone. Yes . . . my husband, my daughter and myself take De Witt's Antacid Powder and we cannot speak highly enough of it."

—signed G.W., Sydney, N.S.W.

(The originals of these letters can be seen at our Melbourne Office)

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Fish ... FOR COMPLIMENTS

FISH DISHES illustrated above are smoked fish casserole, tuna-stuffed jacket potatoes, savory fish fillets, and hot fish timbales.

Compliments for the cook are appreciated by the busy housewife, and no dish brings more praise than well-cooked fish, whether it be served as a main course or an entree.

THE recipes given below—made from fresh, tinned, or smoked fish—are specially chosen for the woman who must budget her time as well as her money.

If you buy fresh fish, fillets or fish steaks are good. Cleaned and ready for cooking, there is no waste at all. Buy your fish carefully and be sure it is fresh.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

SAVORY FISH FILLETS

Six fillets flathead, 4 cups well-washed finely shredded spinach (measured before cooking), 1 dessertspoon butter or substitute, ½ cup grated cheese, 1 cup white breadcrumbs, 1 scant teaspoon grated lemon rind, salt, pepper, lemon, ½ cup milk.

Place spinach in saucepan without any additional water (quantity clinging to leaves after washing is sufficient). Add butter, sprinkle lightly with salt. Cover closely and simmer 5 minutes, shaking occasionally. Add cheese, breadcrumbs, lemon rind, and a sprinkling of pepper. Wash fillets in salted water, dry, rub with cut lemon. Spread with spinach mixture, roll up, and secure with cocktail sticks. Place in greased ovenware dish, add milk. Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Remove cocktail sticks, serve hot.

SMOKED FISH CASSEROLE

One and a half pounds Cape fillets, Scotch haddock, or smoked cod fillets, 2½lb. potatoes, 1 small green pepper, 3 medium-sized firm tomatoes, ½ bunch shallots, 1 cup grated cheese, pinch cayenne pepper, butter or substitute.

Wash fish well, cover with cold water, bring almost to boiling point, drain, and flake. Peel and slice potatoes, chop green pepper and chop shallots (including a small amount of the green stalks). Place a thick layer of potato in bottom of greased ovenware dish, add a layer of fish covered with a layer of tomatoes sprinkled with green pepper, shallots, cheese, and a sprinkle of cayenne pepper. Continue until all ingredients are used. Dot top generously with butter or substitute, sprinkle with extra cheese, and bake in moderate oven ¾ to 1 hour, or until potatoes are quite soft. Serve hot.

by our Food and Cookery Experts

HOT FISH TIMBALES

One pound cooked flaked fish or 1lb. tin of fish, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, salt, pepper, ½ cup milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped onion, 1 scant teaspoon grated lemon rind, tartare sauce.

Mix fish with breadcrumbs, add salt and pepper to taste, then onion and lemon rind. Melt butter, mix with beaten eggs, and add to fish with sufficient milk (or liquor from tinned fish mixed with milk) to make a soft, light consistency. Fill into well-greased ramekin dishes or small moulds. Stand in dish of hot water, cover with greased paper and oven-steam 30 to 35 minutes in moderate oven. Unmould and serve hot with tartare sauce.

TUNA-STUFFED JACKET POTATOES

Six medium-sized, smooth-skinned potatoes, 1 cup hot milk, 2 dessertspoons melted shortening, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 dessertspoons grated onion.

Wash, scrub, and dry potatoes. Prick several times with a skewer. Place on bars of oven shelf, bake 1 to 1¼ hours or until tender. Cut a slice from the top, scoop out inside pulp, mash well. Add milk, shortening, salt, pepper, and onion. Beat until light and fluffy. Pile back into potato-cases, hollow out the centre, fill with creamed tuna, return to oven to reheat. Dust with paprika before serving.

Creamed Tuna: One tablespoon shortening, 1½ tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, squeeze lemon juice, ¾ to 1 cup flaked tuna or salmon (1 7oz. tin).

Melt shortening, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add salt, lemon juice, and flaked fish.

AMERICAN FISH PIE

Three cups mashed potato, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 1¼ tablespoons flour, salt to taste, pinch cayenne pepper, 1¼ cups milk, 1 or 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, 2 cups cooked, flaked fish, squeeze lemon juice.

Beat grated onion, parsley, and an extra nut of butter into freshly cooked and mashed potato, adding a little extra milk. Spread half the potato over the bottom of a greased piedish. Cover with flaked fish mixed with a squeeze of lemon juice. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in milk, continue stirring until boiling. Add chopped hard-boiled eggs, season with salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over fish. Cover with balance of potato, brush with milk. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes, or until potato topping is lightly browned. Serve piping hot.

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PRIZE RECIPES

A leg of baby lamb, seasoned with garlic and bacon and cooked and served with braised vegetables, wins this week's first prize in our cookery contest.

RECIPES for walnut apple cake, strawberry cup cakes, and cabbage beef rolls, as well as a chilled summer sweet, sago and apricot cream, win consolation prizes of £1 each.

Spoon measurements in all our recipes are level.

LEG OF LAMB WITH GARLIC AND BACON

One leg of lamb (3 to 3½ lb.), 1 rasher fat bacon, 2 or 3 cloves of garlic, small whole carrots, parsnips, onions, potatoes, 1 tablespoon fat, salt, pepper.

Remove excess fat from meat. With sharp-pointed knife, stab meat all over, piercing through to the bone, and insert small pieces of bacon and pieces of garlic. Place meat in greased baking-dish, add sufficient water to cover base of dish. Add carrots, parsnips, onions, and potatoes (prepared as for baking). Spread fat over meat, sprinkle with salt and pepper. Bake in moderate oven 2¼ to 2½ hours until meat is tender, turning vegetables while cooking. Serve garnished with parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. F. Stagatich, 15 Ozone St., Alberton, S.A.

STRAWBERRY CUP CAKES

Two ounces shortening, 3 tablespoons sugar, 6oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, ¼ cup milk, strawberry jam, 2 small eggs.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Place a teaspoonful in 18 to 20 greased patty-tins. Add half a teaspoon of jam to each, then top with another teaspoon of cake mixture. Bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, serve dusted with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. C. Faithfull, 107 Rupert St., Subiaco, W.A.

WALNUT APPLE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 cup brown sugar, 2 eggs, ½ cup grated apple, 1 cup plain flour, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ to ¾ cup chopped walnuts, ½ cup chopped dates, extra 1 teaspoon cinnamon and 2 teaspoons sugar.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add apple pulp, walnuts, and dates. Fold in sifted dry ingredients. Fill into greased and lined 8in. square or round tin, sprinkle top with extra sugar and cinnamon. Bake in moderate oven 55 to 65 minutes. Allow to cool in tin.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. N. Lucre, 89 Marian St., Enmore, N.S.W.

SAGO AND APRICOT CREAM

One and a half cups cooked unsweetened dried apricot pulp (or tinned apricot pulp), 2 tablespoons sago, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup warm water, 2 eggs, ½ cup sugar, few drops almond essence.

Wash sago, add milk. Cook very gently, stirring frequently until sago is clear and mixture thickened and creamy. Beat egg-yolks with sugar, stir into sieved heated apricot pulp, add gelatine softened in warm water. Stir frequently while mixture cools. When beginning to thicken, fold in cooked sago, almond essence, and stiffly beaten egg-whites. Fill into wetted mould, chill until set.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Jewell, 6 Liguria St., South Coogee, N.S.W.

CABBAGE BEEF ROLLS

One pound minced steak, scant ½ cup rice, 1 onion, 1 egg, salt, pepper, 6 large cabbage leaves, 1 tin tomato soup.

Cook cabbage leaves gently until pliable. Cook rice in boiling salted water 20 minutes. Drain, add meat, beaten egg, chopped onion, salt and pepper to taste. Divide mixture into six cakes. Place each on a cabbage leaf and roll up. Tie gently with coarse thread or fine string. Place in a shallow baking-dish or casserole, half cover with tomato soup. Cover and bake in moderate oven 1 hour, basting occasionally.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Mehan, Trenerry Cresc., Abbotsford N9, Vic.

GARLIC and bacon pieces pressed deeply into the meat season the leg of lamb, which is brought slowly to perfection by very slow cooking. See main prizewinning recipe on this page.

Kitchen Hints

FOR Sunday suppers try these appetising dishes . . .

STACKS of hot, wafer-thin flapjacks (made with pancake batter) served with hot golden syrup or mock maple syrup.

* * *

SMALL pork-sausage cakes, fried and served topped with hot apple sauce.

* * *

CHOPPED skinned frankfurts and left-over green peas folded into cream sauce with a chopped tomato and a little grated onion, served on fried bread or in crisp oven-baked bread cases.

Elastoplast

the WATERPROOF first-aid dressing

THAT PROTECTS WITHOUT BINDING!

The protection of cuts and sores on "hard to treat" spots is no problem with *waterproof* Elastoplast. The flesh-coloured plastic adheres firmly, yet its elasticity leaves you freedom of movement when you have to use it on knuckles or joints. Healing is helped by a special medicated pad in the centre of each dressing, while the *waterproof* plastic fully protects your injury from water, grease and oil.

Ask your chemist for WATERPROOF

Elastoplast

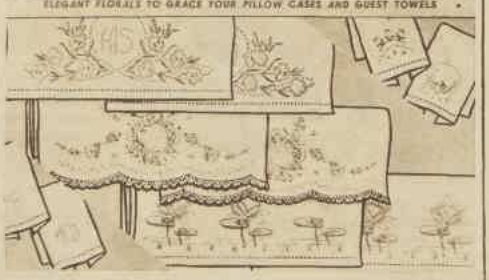
Ready-cut dressings in the red and white tin.

Also: Spools of Waterproof plaster without medicated pad in 1" x 1 yd. and 3 yd. lengths.

SMITH & NEPHEW (AUST.) PTY. LTD., SYDNEY

Vogart 210

ELEGANT FLORALS TO GRACE YOUR PILLOW CASES AND GUEST TOWELS



AMERICAN Vogart transfer patterns are so carefully designed that they give an effect of rich craftsmanship but require only a few basic embroidery stitches. On transfer No. 210 there are some lovely motifs, including a delicate daffodil pattern, a classic water-lily design, and other smaller floral patterns that can be used for embroidering pillow-cases, guest towels, and other household linens. The transfer sheet measures 24in. x 28in., and the price is 2/6. Orders should be addressed to our Needlework Department. For address, see page 76.

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. . . yet it gives you healthy, glowing energy, combats tooth decay and nourishes and benefits the whole system . . .

It's the Pure Grape Sugar in Sun enriched

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SEEDED RAISINS

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ADFA THE AUSTRALIAN DRIED FRUITS ASSOCIATION

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● *Directions for this cloth in fine linen and crochet are given below.*

Linen and crochet square

Illustrated above is a decorative cloth for use as a table centre or traycloth. It features a cobweb pattern and simple edging in crochet.

HERE are the easy-to-follow instructions for making the piece, which is 25 inches square.

Materials: 3 balls selected color Coats chain mercer-crochet No. 60 (20 gram.); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 5 (slack workers could use a No. 5½ hook and tight workers a No. 4½); piece of linen to match, 24in. square.

Tension: Depth of insertion: 2½in. approx.

Measurements: 25in. square.

Abbreviations: ch., chain; s.s., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl. tr., double treble; trip tr., triple treble; sp., space; st., stitch.

INSERTION

First Motif—Commence at centre with 8 ch., join with s.s. to form a ring.

1st Row: 5 ch., (1 tr. into ring, 2 ch.) 7 times, join with s.s. into 3rd of 5 ch.

2nd Row: 7 ch., (1 tr. into next tr., 4 ch.) 7 times, join with s.s. into 3rd of 7 ch.

3rd Row: 12 ch., (1 dbl. tr. into next tr., 8 ch.) 7 times, join with s.s. into 4th of 12 ch.

4th Row: 1 s.s. into 8 ch. sp., 1 ch., 11 d.c. into each sp. all round, join with s.s. into 1st ch. Fasten off.

Second Motif—Work as for first motif until 3 rows have been completed.

4th Row: 1 s.s. into 8 ch. sp., 1 ch., 5 d.c. into first sp., 1 s.s. into centre d.c. of any scallop on first motif, 5 d.c. into same sp. on second motif, 5 d.c. into next sp., 1 s.s. into centre d.c. of next scallop on first motif, 5 d.c. into same sp. on second motif, complete row as for first motif (no more joinings). Work 10 more motifs, joining as second motif was joined to first motif, leaving 2 scallops free on each side of joinings.

Corner—Work a motif as before, joining to previous motif in same way, leaving 4 scallops free on outer edge, continue in this manner, making 10 more motifs as before, join the next motif to form a corner. Complete other 2 sides to correspond, joining last motif to first motif to form last corner.

Outer Edge—1st Row: Attach thread to centre d.c. on free scallop preceding first joining, 7 ch., * make a cross st. as follows: Thread over 4 times, insert hook into d.c. between next 2 scallops, thread over and draw loop through, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) twice, thread over twice, insert hook into d.c. between next 2 scallops on next motif, thread over and draw loop through, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) 6 times, 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre of cross st. (cross stitch completed), 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch., 1 tr. into d.c. between scallops, 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch.; rep. from * to within corner motif, ending with a cross st., 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch., 1 tr. into d.c. between scallops, 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 6 ch., 1 trip. tr. into d.c. between scallops, 6 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch., 1 tr. into d.c. between scallops, 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch., make a cross st. as before and continue in pattern all round, join with s.s. into 3rd of 7 ch.

2nd Row: 5 ch., * 1 tr. into next sp., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next st., 2 ch.; rep. from * to st. preceding 6 ch. loop, 2 ch., into 6 ch. loop make (1 tr., 2 ch.) twice, into trip. tr. make 1 tr., 5 ch., and 1 tr., 2 ch., into 6 ch. loop make (1 tr., 2 ch.) twice and continue in pattern all round, join with s.s. into 3rd of 5 ch.

3rd Row: 5 ch., * 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch.; rep. from * all round, making 1 tr., 5 ch., and 1 tr. into 5 ch. sp. at each corner, join with s.s. into 3rd of 5 ch. Fasten off.

Inner Edge—1st Row: Attach thread to centre d.c. on 2nd free scallop preceding any corner motif, 7 ch., 1 tr. into d.c. between scallops, 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop, 4 ch., thread over 4 times, insert hook into d.c. between scallops, thread over and draw loop through, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) twice, thread over twice, insert hook into d.c. between scallops on corner motif, thread over and draw loop through, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) twice, thread over twice, insert hook into d.c. between scallops on next motif, thread over and draw loop through, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) twice, thread over and draw through 3 loops, (thread over and draw through 2 loops) 3 times (corner cluster), 4 ch., 1 tr. into centre d.c. of next scallop and cont. as for outer edge to corner, working corners as before, join with s.s. into 3rd of 7 ch.

2nd Row: 5 ch. and work as for 2nd row of outer edge to preceding corner cluster, miss corner cluster, 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch. and cont. in patt. all round, join with s.s. into 3rd of 5 ch.

3rd Row: 5 ch., work as for 3rd row of outer edge, making 1 tr. into tr. preceding the 2 corner tr., 1 tr. into next tr., 2 ch. and cont. in patt. all round, join with s.s. into 3rd of 5 ch. Fasten off.

Baste insertion in place on linen, cut out material at back of insertion, leaving ¼in. for hems on both sides, sew hems and insertions neatly in place. Make a narrow hem all round outer edge of linen.

EDGING

Make a chain slightly longer than outer edge of linen.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 8th ch. from hook, (2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.) 3 times, 7 ch., turn, miss 2 sps., 1 d.c. into next tr., 7 ch., miss next sp. and 2 ch. of starting chain, 1 d.c. into next ch., turn, * 11 d.c. into first 7 ch. loop, 5 d.c. into next loop, 7 ch., turn, 1 d.c. into centre d.c. of previous 11 d.c. group, turn, 11 d.c. into last loop made, 5 d.c. into incompleted loop, 1 s.s. into tr. at base of scallop, (2 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into next ch.) 4 times, 7 ch., turn, miss 2 sps., 1 d.c. into next tr., 7 ch., miss next tr., 1 s.s. into tr. at base of preceding scallop, turn; rep. from * across until piece measures length required to fit all round outer edge, allowing for corners, ending with 1 s.s. into tr. at base of scallop. Fasten off. Cut off remaining chain. Sew ends together, sew edging to centre-piece. Starch lightly and press.

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Thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids Read for yourself this woman's grateful letter. She writes:
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Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too! Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a great blood medicine containing Thionine. They help to drive out the crippling poisons and germs from your system that so often cause constant **Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments.**

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3098

F3103

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3101.—Beginners' pattern for smartly styled pedal-pushers. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Requires 1½yds. 54in. material. Special price, 2/-.

F3098.—Slender-line daytime dress styled with front-buttoned fastenings. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3099.—Unusual bodice detail for one-piece dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¾yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3100.—Design for soft wool, features pleated skirt and moulded bodice-top. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3102.—Long-sleeved winter nightgown designed with front-buttoned bodice fastening. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. contrast for binding. Price, 4/6.

F3103.—Form-fitting lines for a flattering one-piece autumn dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 54in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3100

FASHION PATTERNS and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 68-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

F3099

F3101

F3102

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 6/11 sent by registered post.

No. 623.—SMALL GIRL'S SUSPENDER SKIRT

The skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton twill tartan. The choice of tartan includes Victoria, Prince Charles, Buchanan, Royal Stuart, Anderson, and Cameron. Sizes: Lengths, 18in. for 2 years, 18/6; 20in. for 4 years, 19/11; 23in. for 6 years, 20/6; 27in. for 8 years, 21/11. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 620.—ORGANDIE APRON

A prettily designed waist apron is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is organdie, the color choice includes blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. The lace for edging is not supplied. Price, 8/11. Postage 9d. extra.

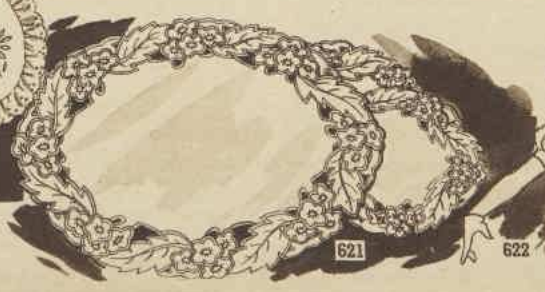
No. 621.—DUCHESSE SET

The set is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider with an unusual leaf and flower design. The material and color choice includes heavy cream linen or sheer linen in pink, blue, green, and white, and organdie in blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. The centre mat measures 11in. x 17in., the two smaller mats 8in. x 8in. Price: Heavy or sheer linen, 8/11. Postage 10d. extra. Organdie, 6/11. Postage 9d. extra.

No. 622.—CHILD'S BLOUSE

An attractive blouse with a self-ruffle trim is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is lawn, the color choice includes lemon, blue, pink, green, and white. Sizes: 2 and 4 years, 15/6; 6 and 8 years, 16/11. Postage 10d. extra.

620



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623

622

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£3000 Family Home Contest Booming

Mailbags bulge with thousands of plans

Plans for circular houses, star-shaped houses, conventional houses, modern and futuristic houses continue to pour into our offices as our £3000 Family Home Contest continues.

THERE are two sections in the contest—one for amateurs and the other for architects. £1000 is offered for the best plan in each section.

In the amateur section there are three other prizes of £100 each, and in the professional section five awards of £100 will be made for designs considered nearest in merit to that of the winner.

Winning designs in each section will be shown as models at the Fourth Australian Architectural Convention at the Town Hall, Sydney, in May.

All prize-winning plans will be exhibited as well.

A feature of the exhibition of interest to all home planners will be The Australian Women's Weekly "House of the Future," an experimental design likely to provoke controversy.

On this page is a plan entered by Mrs. J. E. Bennett, of Hay, who has been awarded a £5 progress prize.

The relationship of the kitchen and dining-room to the outdoor terrace is considered excellent by the assessors, and the house has been designed to get through breezes in summer and for outdoor living in winter.

With only a month to go before the contest closes on March 26 at 12 noon mailbags full of plans are arriving daily.

There seems no limit to the originality and versatility of competitors in the amateur section.

One illustrated his plan with cut-out pictures of furniture and even pasted cabbages on to the vegetable garden, and a snapshot of a baby in a child's bedroom.

A Queensland reader sent by post a piece of composite building material resembling marble, which he said was cheaper than timber for building purposes.

Readers are still asking if they may submit more than one plan in the amateur section. There is no limit to the number of plans that may be submitted in either section.

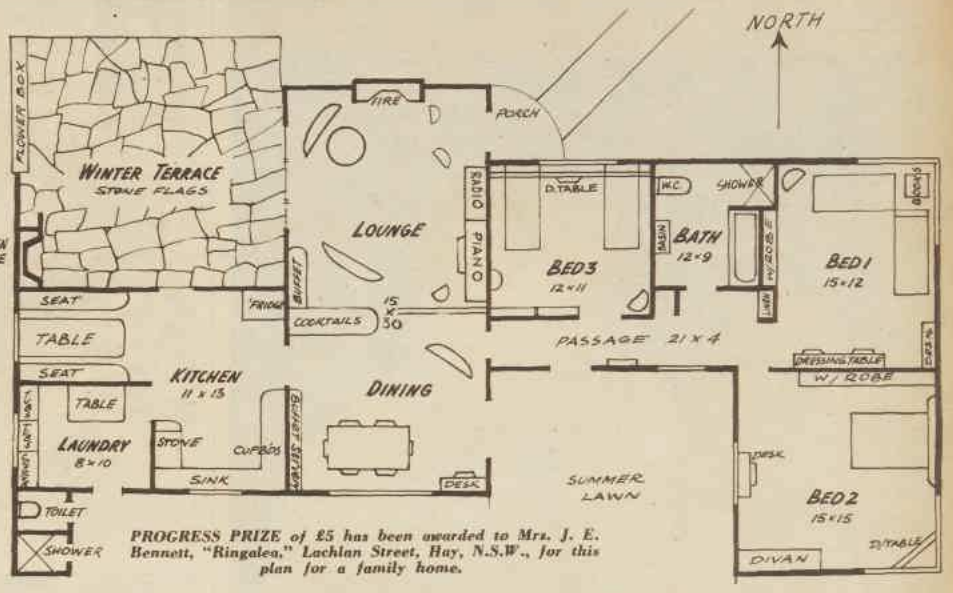
A sidelight on plans submitted is the tendency to design houses well below the permitted 1600 square feet of floor area.

Plans prepared by both men and women show this tendency, demonstrating the popularity of the smaller house when one pair of hands—and feet—are responsible for maintenance and homemaking.

Requirements and conditions of the amateur contest are printed below with the prize lists.

Requirements and qualifications necessary for the professional section were reprinted last week and will not be published again.

Copies of this issue, dated February 24, are obtainable at all our interstate offices.



PROGRESS PRIZE of £5 has been awarded to Mrs. J. E. Bennett, "Ringalea," Lachlan Street, Hay, N.S.W., for this plan for a family home.

Prizes and premiums

AMATEUR SECTION

For the best plan entered £1000
Three prizes of £100 each for plans judged next best
Progress awards of £5

PROFESSIONAL SECTION

For the best design entered £1000
Five premiums of £100 for plans judged next best

HOW TO ENTER

Amateur Section

- Entrants are required to draw the ground plan of a three-bedroomed home for a family of five with the sizes of the rooms indicated and the positions of windows and doors marked.
- The house shall not contain more than 1600 square feet of floor area on one or more stories, excluding terraces, porches, and verandahs.
- Site of the home is a corner block of land with an 80ft. street frontage facing east and 100ft. street frontage facing north.
- The position of the main items of furniture in each room must be shown.
- The plan should be drawn on one piece of paper not larger than 15in. x 22in. A smaller-sized sheet may be used.

CONTEST CONDITIONS

Please read the following conditions carefully to ascertain if you are eligible to enter.

- No person who earns a living, or has ever earned a living, as an architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator may enter the amateur section of this competition.
- Finalists will be required to sign a statutory declaration that their plan is their own unaided work and that they have not had advice or help from any architect, architectural designer, draughtsman, builder, or interior decorator.
- No member of the staff or relative of a member of the staff of Consolidated Press Ltd. may enter this contest.
- Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. The decision of the judges will be final, and each competitor will enter the competition on that basis.
- Exclusive publication rights in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd.
- Entries should be addressed to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088WW, G.P.O., Sydney, and should be marked Family Home Contest.

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All designs in 3 SIZES (38-40-42)

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The five beautiful basic knitwear designs in this book are not just bigger versions of average sizes — they are the result of months of planning and care by Twinprufe's expert designers. They are five masterpieces CREATED FOR larger-sizes by specialists in fashion knitwear design.

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WW 2.—

New Swiss Discovery FOR SKIN COMPLAINTS

CASE HISTORY

Left: Medically attested photograph of Mr. J.B. (Zurich) taken on 16/9/'48. Shaded sections diagnosed as Eczematous Feruncolosis of 20 years' duration.

Right: Medically attested photograph of Mr. J.B. taken on 11/2/'49, after 20 weeks' F"99" treatment.

New Natural Way to Clear Up

ECZEMAS (Including Infantile Eczema)

LEG ULCERS, PSORIASIS, BOILS

Eminent scientists have discovered that the lack of certain fatty acids in the diet reduces natural resistance and can lead to severe skin diseases. A Swiss chemist succeeded, after 10 years of work, in preparing from pure vegetable oils unsaturated fatty acids with an exceptionally high concentration.

TWO-WAY TREATMENT

This new Swiss discovery—F"99"—is a two-way treatment (working internally with F"99" capsules and externally with F"99" in ointment) and has proved remarkably effective in cases of unsaturated fatty acid deficiency—Eczema—Boils—Leg Ulcers—Psoriasis and even Infantile Eczema.

A NATURAL PRODUCT

F"99" is not a synthetic drug but a concentrate of natural, nutritive substances which science has recognised as being essential to health. It is absolutely harmless and may be given safely even to infants.

FREE BOOKLET NOW AVAILABLE

An illustrated booklet, describing the remarkable effects of the new Swiss discovery, is available, quite free, from your chemist or by writing to Springwood Pharmaceuticals (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., 364 Lonsdale Street, Melbourne, C.1.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

F"99"

TWO-WAY TREATMENT FOR SKIN DISEASES

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Checkmate Sports Shirt
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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, with
PRINCESS NARDA, are seeking the mysterious White Queen of Taboo Land. They find that Taboo Land resembles the ancient Mayan civilisation, and revolting human sacrifices still take place there. Interfering to save a native from an unjust death demanded by the ancient Mayan customs, Mandrake does not see Narda kidnapped and spirited away to the temple. NOW READ ON:

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Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"BENITA."—Smart, slim - line autumn one-piece is obtainable in wulchene. The color choice includes green, grey, royal-blue, and twilight-blue.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 67/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 68/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

"LAURISE." — One-piece tennis dress, featuring a sleeveless bodice-top and above-knee-length skirt. The dress is obtainable in white cotton pique.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 42/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 43/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 32/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 33/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 78. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

Prepares everything

from Soups to Sundaes
. . . Cocktails to Cream Cakes
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REGISTERED TRADE MARK

Well over 60,000 housewives throughout Australia are using a Semak Vitamizer – Australia's wonder food preparer. These housewives realised, as you will find, that it *saves time, energy* and *money* and you can prepare meals *quicker, easier, better* than ever before.

The Semak Vitamizer is the easiest thing to operate – is precision built to give consistent, reliable service. The blades are driven at 18,000 revolutions per minute by the *big, new* ½ h.p. motor. That's why it performs its various tasks so fast . . . why food preparation time is reduced to *seconds.*

The Semak Vitamizer takes over *all* your food preparing jobs. Use it for soups, sauces, salad dressings, sandwich spreads, main course dishes, desserts, cakes, drinks, ice cream, jams, jellies, children's foods.

No matter where you live you can have a Semak Vitamizer. Models are made in all voltages – 32, 50, 110, 230/250.

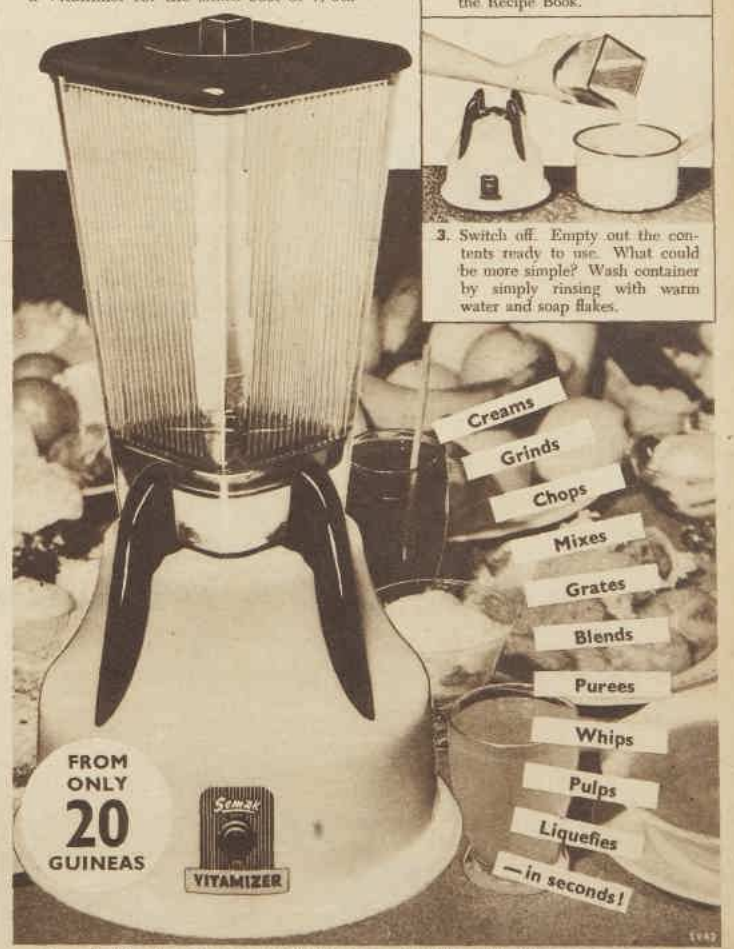
Make sure you get the free Recipe Book supplied with every Semak Vitamizer. It is also available to people who already own a Vitamizer for the small cost of 7/6d.

SO SIMPLE TO USE

1. Simply place in the container the fruit, meat, vegetables or other ingredients.

2. Switch on Vitamizer for the correct period. This is indicated in the Recipe Book.

3. Switch off. Empty out the contents ready to use. What could be more simple? Wash container by simply rinsing with warm water and soap flakes.



Semak Vitamizers are manufactured to comply with S.E.C. requirements.

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Does YOUR family need this laxative-antacid?

Some people have the idea that NYAL Milk of Magnesia is a medicine only for infants and children. This is quite erroneous. It is true that NYAL Milk of Magnesia has long been a stand-by in thousands of homes where there are children. Mothers have come to rely on its gentle, mild, antacid action to relieve "wind" pains and minor "tummy" upsets.

To-day, however, NYAL Milk of Magnesia is being used by more and more "grown-ups" as a gentle, but efficient, laxative-antacid. You can say "good-bye" to indigestion, heartburn, acid stomach, irregularity. These discomforts can be promptly and gently relieved by NYAL Milk of Magnesia. It neutralises acidity and is mildly laxative. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even, pleasant-to-take. Sweetened or Regular: 2 sizes, **2'6, 4'3.**

NYAL

ASK FOR THESE OTHER NYAL MEDICINES

NYAL Antacid Powder	3/6
NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets	2/-, 3/3
NYAL Corn Remover	2/3
NYAL Earache Drops	2/3
NYAL Esterin	3/6
NYAL Eye Lotion (with Plastic Eye Bath)	3/9
NYAL Holdtite (Dental Plate Powder)	3/-, 4/3
NYAL Kleenrite (Dental Plate Cleanser)	3/7
NYAL Kwik Tan, Cream	2/6
NYAL Kwik Tan, Sun Oil	3/11
NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic	6/-, 11/-
NYAL Vitamised Children's Tonic	5/9

FOR COUGHS, COLDS & 'FLU

NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture	3/9, 6/3
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/3
NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6, 5/6
NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir	5/6, 9/6
NYAL Huskeys	1/8, 2/6
NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets	1/11, 2/9
NYAL Nasal Drops (Decongestant)	4/-

BABY NEEDS

NYAL Baby Soap	1/1½
NYAL Baby Oil	2/9
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/3
NYAL Soothing Syrup	2/6
NYAL Teething Powders	2/-
NYAL Worm Syrup	3/9

In cases of recurring constipation and acid indigestion, NYAL ***Emulsified*** *Liquid Paraffin is specially effective. It combines the laxative-antacid action of NYAL Milk of Magnesia with the lubricating, emollient properties of pure medicinal paraffin in palatable emulsion form. The emulsion ensures a thorough distribution of the paraffin in the intestinal tract, yet has none of the disagreeable effects of liquid paraffin. 12 oz. bottle —* ***4'6.***

Stops Chafing!

NYAL Baby Powder brings soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. Contains an ingredient which resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. **2'-, 4'1.**

NYAL BABY POWDER

New Modern Formula for Skin Irritations

NYAL Calamine - Lanolin Cream is a new, modern formula especially useful in the treatment of diaper rash, cradle cap and urine scalds. Contains **Calamine** to help soothe pain and discomfort; **Benzocaine** to give instant relief from pain, irritation and itching; **Lanolin** to make the skin soft and supple. **2'3.**

NYAL CALAMINE-LANOLIN CREAM

Soothing Relief from Painful Sunburn!

To get soothing, positive relief from painful sunburn—quickly—gently—rub in soothing NYAL Sunburn Cream! Relieves the feeling of intense heat . . . cools the skin; removes the tight-stretched feeling of the skin and minimises blistering. NYAL Sunburn Cream is non-greasy — does not stain clothes. **3'-.**

NYAL SUNBURN CREAM

Gentle, Natural Laxative

Thousands of mothers prefer NYAL Figsen above all other laxatives because Figsen is gentle, yet thorough in action; easy to take; pleasant tasting. Figsen acts **naturally** and won't upset even sensitive stomachs. Two strengths—**Regular,** equally suitable for adults and children; **Double Strength,** for adults who find that they need a more positive action. Regular **2'3,** Double Strength **3'6.**

NYAL FIGSEN

"NIKKO" The NYAL Baby Powder BEAR

Here's the most novel Baby Powder pack you've ever set eyes on — "Nikko," the Nyal Baby Powder Bear! Made in the new polyethylene pliable plastic. Squeeze "Nikko" gently to produce a fine mist of silky-smooth Nyal Baby Powder.

After you've used all the cooling, soothing Nyal Baby Powder, "Nikko" makes a durable, attractive toy. A grand present for baby at ***any*** *time.*

Only **9'6**

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